HITCH

#6 • APRIL / MAY 1995 • $3.50

The Mentos
FAQ

The Sugar Bear /
Dig 'Em
CONSPIRACY

Village People
LIVE!

And Some
Pictures of
RHINOS

STOP
LAST CHANCE!
This will be the last issue you'll receive, unless you request some of the super catalogs inside.

David Hasselhoff's
BAYWATCH
Memories

HITCH

NOT PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

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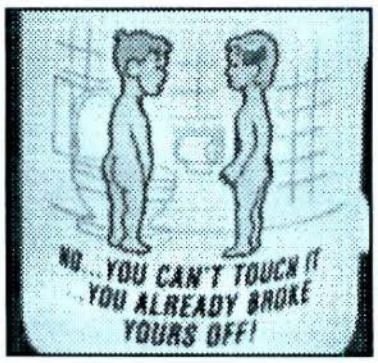
InHITCH

#6 • APRIL / MAY 1995

"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock



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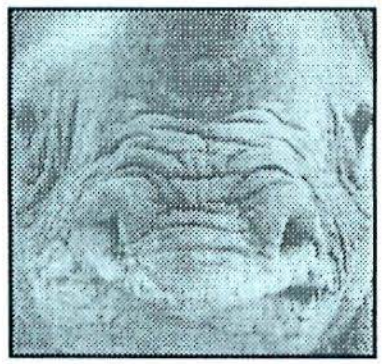

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ON THE COVER

Hasselhoff, all oil and smiles.

Luis Muñoz Marín (1898–1980)

Heapin' Mailbag

Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *5504 N. Tulsa Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or e-mail us at rlott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

Rod,

Congratulations on another fine issue of **HITCH** (#4)! I think I have read the Moses piece ("Meeting Moses") around six times, and I think I would have thought the Mr. Clipson piece a little more funny on first reading, but a friend spilt the beans on this a-while back when he first got it. As usual, the highlight was the he-man adventure ("Will Work for Food...Hey, That's Not Funny!"). Those things are great! Keep them coming.

Oh, yeah, I meant to comment earlier on your Kevin Costner piece ("Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity," **HITCH** 1). I have always told anyone that will listen that this guy can't even remotely act! He has got to be the highest paid / most talked about actor with the least amount of talent I have ever seen! But I digress.

While I was visiting a friend over the holidays, I threw in a copy of *Xuxa*. Needless to say, he was set back by the cheesiness of the show. He sat there staring at the screen having a hard time believing anyone (including 5-year-old kids) could watch anything so stupid. Neither one of us could watch the last half of the show.

At this point, I must make a small request: Please take pot shots at David Hasselhoff every chance you get. Any man whose two biggest claims to fame are *Knight Rider* and *Baywatch* needs to be ridiculed LONG, HARD and OFTEN. Thank you in advance for your consideration.

Dwain Henry
St. Mary's, GA

I agree. While we previewed David's ill-fated pay-per-view concert in our first issue, the man clearly needs more coverage within these pages. Like this issue, perhaps.

Dear Rod (or is it Paul?),

Hello and how is everything in Lott land? I am really impressed with the good feedback you are getting for **HITCH** — and just think, I knew you in your *Onion* days; what fun!

Well, I'm sure this has already come to your attention, but I had to write because this pissed me off: Whilst perusing the Jan. 1995 issue of *SPIN* magazine (which, by the way, is a piece of crap, although they did redeem themselves a bit by putting Tori Amos on the cover in October), I came across something that looked *really* familiar, the enclosed "Mentos Deconstructed." Did Bob Guccione and his Green Day-lovin' flunkies rip you off or what? I say you sue the bastards, take over their filthy rag, bar Green Day from reappearing on the cover, well, maybe for us having a bad day. But I *am* curious: Is this a major **HITCH** rip-off or what? Although your Distribution Boy flies down the hall from me, he shed no light on the matter.

Oh, by the way, please tell Malena hello and that she cracks me up. I'd like to read more from her in upcoming issues of **HITCH**! "Isotope Boy & Me" (**HITCH** 5) made me laugh out loud. I'm not exactly sure why; probably the fact that she dubbed this obnoxious midget "Isotope Boy." I also enjoyed the bachelorette party story ("Melissa's Last Hurrah," **HITCH** 4), and appreciate the warning!

One more question: Joe Rogers...what's the point? Is it one of those "the point is, there is no point" things? Is he going somewhere? Why? When he gets there, will he stop writing? This boy needs a hobby or something. (Sorry, I don't intend to be mean. I have a headache.)

Well, I think that's about it. Excuse the rambling letter; I intended to write something witty, but my brain isn't cooperating, and I did want to know what was up with the *SPIN*-Mentos thing.

P.S. How did your wife react to the quote about *Batman*: "Today, I'd probably even place it before sex" ("For the Love of *Batman*, **HITCH** 5)? She must be one extremely gracious lady if she didn't deck you for that one! Oh, wait, one more: Was that a real letter from your postman??? Wacky.

Amy Hunt
Oklahoma City, OK

In answer to your questions, in order in which they were received: 1) My lawyer and I both seem to think so, 2) only Joe knows the answer, 3) she is not extremely gracious, and 4) as real as can be.

Rowdy Rod—

I'm sending this bumper sticker to you because it is one of my biggest peeves...dogs are *not* people. And when license plate frames say "My other car is a horse, bike, tank, go-kart, etc.," that really drives me bonkers. So stop the insanity and tell all of Oklahoma City to cut it out, cuz I'm sure this problem runs rampant there.

Stop the insanity!

Yay! Your issue (#5) rocked. A few things:

1) I want to be an extra in *Flashdancenstein*.

2) My old math tutor is wanted for 52 counts of child molestation, so he's a fugitive.

3) The Isotope Boy clip art is *awfully* familiar (we stole it, too!).

4) Robert Goulet is, well, lame.

5) The Robert Goulet Death Watch: good, very good.

Very good quotes to boot: "This man would feel your prostate *for free.*", "Yiiiiipes! Pirates!" and "Ready to do some Van Dammage." I swear, those last two kicked my ass. In fact, all of "Snips' Snappy Saying for 1995" were amazing. I don't know,

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY

Notes from the HITCH Revolution:

1. So we lied. Faithful readers will recall last issue's promise that this issue would be filled with stuff about Godzilla. Readers of this issue — regardless of faith — will realize we fibbed. You'll find one humorous piece involving the green lizard, but that's far from the mega-paged special I'd planned.

There are a couple of reasons for that: First, because I didn't have the time to screw with it this month (had my first round of tests as a graduate student, you know, but I made an A), and second, because extra pages translates into a heftier Xerox bill. **HITCH** 5 may have been a hefty 52-pager, but it also nearly meant having to forego payment of February's gas bill. Maybe later.

2. So we blew it. Following in the footsteps of the Robert Goulet smuga-thon, documented within last issue's page, we had the chance to attend another celebrity-laden gala event here in OKC: the world premiere of the Western film *The Legend of O.B. Taggart*. Appearing and available for interviews were such Tinsletown luminaries as Ben Johnson, Ernest Borgnine, lil' Billy Barty and Mickey Rooney, who wrote the screenplay.

I'd planned to attend and grill the cast for all it was worth. I wanted to question Barty how he felt ripping Carrie Fisher's clothes off in that 1981 knee-slapper (and Tom Neesnan favorite) *Under the Rainbow*, and ask Rooney what made him think he could write.

But, for some dumb reason, it was scheduled on the evening of Valentine's Day, and at the time, I was still in hot water with the wife for last issue's comment on placing *Batman* reruns before sex.

It would've made a great story. Oh, well. Rest assured the movie sucks, however.

3. So what? At least we've accomplished one good thing since **HITCH** 5 went to press: We went online...well, Rod, but this issue was a ton times better than *all* previous issues.

Brian Musial
Santa Cruz, CA

Rod,

I read your Mentos article again yesterday ("Deconstructing Mentos," **HITCH** 3) and even if you can't prove that they ripped you off, yours is by far the superior of the two. No question about it.

I read most of the new issue (**HITCH** 5) today at work, and it's excellent as usual. I must admit, "Prostate Awareness" is a pretty unusual theme, but damn if it doesn't work! The video and zine reviews are winners as always. Ditto the he-man adventure — don't stop doing these! By the way, what's the story with Tom Neesnan? I always get a kick out of those excited reviews. And the Hubert H. Humphrey bit was a nice bit of icing on the cake. I'm prone to such ambiguous absurdity myself. You should see the schedules and employee newsletters I write at work. I just love it when someone comes up to me and says, "But I don't get it." That always feels like a wonderful personal victory to me!

You know, all the kind words I've given you about **HITCH** have been straight from the heart. It's really written superbly, the layout is excellent and I *always* look forward to the next issue. Keep up the fine work and someone in a position to help (it go big-time) is bound to notice.

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

Although a very personable fellow, we at **HITCH** *fear Mr. Neesnan is afflicted with some form of dementia. He is a regular moviegoer, but forgets about them until 10 years later or so. Therefore, expect reviews of* Chasers *and* Far from Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog *in 2005.*

Rod,

Sue Guccione, Jr. Please. I'll be your lawyer for a nominal fee. Five percent. Please. We'll be like *Matlock* or something.

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

Rod Lott,

About a month ago, I picked up *Psychotronic Video* #19. I was casually flipping through it when I saw the fanzine review section. I read the description of **HITCH**; it sounded pretty cool: a feature on *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, an article on Xuxa and I was sure I had been to the wax museum in San Antonio before. I ordered off for **HITCH** 2 and got it about two days before I was supposed to go to Kansas for Christmas. Since where I was going to in Kansas was about eight hours away from where I lived, I thought I'd save **HITCH** for the trip. I read it, and all I can say about your zine is, I love it!

The feature on *MST3K* ("We've Got Movie Sign!") was very informative. The Xuxa ("Xuxa: Then and Now!") and Oliver Stone ("Oliver Stone, Shut the Hell Up!") articles were funnier than hell. On my last trip to San Antonio, I visited the places you wrote about in your he-man adventure ("B-Movie Magic in the Lone Star State"). You gave a pretty accurate description of what I saw. I met that same bearded man at the Wall of Fame. I don't think the antique store actually had a name; I think the logo just said "ANTIQUES."

Now the Wall of Fame guy isn't all that weird. When I met him, his beard was pretty long and resembled Manson. He reminded me of my grandfather. When I told him I traveled a lot, he did get pretty excited and asked if I would send him postcards. He didn't explain that he was trying to get the world's record or anything, so I just assumed he wanted to start a long-distance relationship, which is why I didn't send him any cards. **HITCH** 2 answered a lot of questions I had about that place. I met Victoria, and she told me and my brother a true Elvis ghost story. She talked for about an hour before, yes, I had to interrupt her and tell her I had to go. She then told us not to be strangers because if a certain business deal went through, we might be able to see a stuffed alligator from Africa next time we were there. She is definitely a 39 on a weirdness scale of 1 to 10.

I love your zine so much, I ordered all your back issues. I plan to subscribe, but I'm running low on funds right now. This is the first fan letter I have ever written to a publication, but I enjoy your zine so much I had to write.

What can I say about **HITCH**; I'm hooked. The back issues you sent me were real cool. I read them several times and showed them to my friends. I love your video and CD reviews, and "Zine Central" is one of my favorites. The articles are well-written and very funny. I hope

HITCH is around for a long time. I mean this. This is not meaningless butt-kissing.

Chris Linebaugh
Ft. Worth, TX

Thanks, Chris, for your genuine, heartfelt praise, but there's a lot to be said for meaningless butt-kissing.

Dear Rod:

I thought issues #2 and #3 of **HITCH** were very good, so I bought #1 and #4, which I liked a lot. Since you are so enthused with the zine, I'll assume it'll last awhile, so I am enclosing a check for a six-issue subscription.

Fred Hamilton
N. Myrtle Beach, SC

Dear Rod,

I learned of your publication through a correspondent of mine, who knows I'm a rabid *Mystery Science Theater 3000* fan. Just wanted to let you know that I enjoyed **HITCH** 2. Some of my favorite things were the cool green cover with Gamera, the *MST 3000* article and the topless photo of Xuxa.

What I *didn't* like were the stars covering Xuxa's nipples. Anyway, a pretty funny and interesting zine. Take care and stay out of trouble!

Rick Partridge
Canton, MA

Regarding Xuxa's nipples being censored, Rick, we apologize. In fact, we want to make up for it. Therefore, please enjoy these nipples. ⊙⊙

Dear Rod M Lott,

I read about **HITCH** in *Factsheet 5*. It says there that your publication is aimed at annoying people in the film industry. Well I think the enclosed piece will do just that. I hope you like it.

Sheryll Watt
Albuquerque, NM

I didn't. Not to be mean, but before submitting anything to any publication, you should actually read an issue of the publication first. Please refer to the following submission guidelines:

***1.** Do not confuse the words "loose" and "lose."*

***2.** Do not misspell words like "Schindler" and "jezebel."*

***3.** Do not attempt to pass a movie review off as a movie review if you offer just plot summary and no actual opinion.*

***4.** Do not — under any circumstances — begin an article thusly: "I just broke an unbreakable dish. How did I do this seemingly impossible thing you may ask. Well, I'll tell you — later. That way you will keep reading to the end. Don't rush to the end. I'll tell you somewhere near the middle."*

***5.** Do not — under any circumstances — end an article thusly: "I am going to stop now and tell you how I broke an unbreakable dish. I dropped another unbreakable dish on top of it. I was drying one dish and the other was in the sink waiting to be dried. The one that broke was in the sink." It is inadvisable to talk about dishes in a movie review.*

Rod Lott, Editor,

I spotted your review in *Factsheet 5*. So have picked out a few which could be construed as "annoying people?" I hope they're on the mark. What do you think?

Jim DeWitt
Grand Rapids, MI

No. Now added to the above submission guidelines:

***6.** Do not send angry poetry.*

Rod,

I'm very much looking forward to the next **HITCH** — always a good read!

Pete Kitsch
Cambridge, MA

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is $4 for issue #2 of **HITCH**. I saw your address in the new *Psychotronic*. Also, do you have any back issues available?

Steve McBeth
Dallas, TX

Back issues? You better believe it. Check out the inside back cover.

Hey there, Paul, er, Rod!

Just got the new issue (**HITCH** 5). Great job, as usual. Funny as heck. Funny stuff, indeed. Liked the Republican Convention piece ("Fear and Boasting '92"). Guess where the Republican Convention in '96 is gonna be? You guessed it: sunny San Diego. Sheesh, first we get our asses kicked in the Super Bowl in front of the whole country and now the Republicans are going to invade.

John Chilson
San Diego, CA

sort of.

As part of a project between *Factsheet 5* and HotWired — the Internet site of *Wired* magazine — zine excerpts were made into web pages and posted for the first two weeks or so in February. Included was my very own infamous "Deconstructing Mentos" from **HITCH** 3. The guys putting it together even had me send my monitor shots and a recording of one of the Mentos ads from which they could cull sound samples. In return, they sent me $50. How kind!

Me being without a web browser, I didn't get to see it, but I'm told a laff-riot was had by all, **HITCH** got a plug and the whole thing was linked to Heath Doerr's Mentos FAQ, which, incidentally, appears in this issue.

If you, too, failed to catch it, I can sympathize. However, if you have access to a time machine, sign on to http://www.hotwired.com and check it out for us, okay?

❤ ❤ ❤

A Fairly Pointless List of Sexy Women over the Age of 40 or Pretty Close to It, Here Just to Take up Some Space

Wendie Malick
Raquel Welch
Jane Fonda
Mimi Rogers

Lesley Ann Warren

Hey Rod—

Read about **HITCH** in *Kitschy Kitschy Coup* and it sounds cool. Hook me up with a copy? Thanks!

Steve Mandich
Portland, OR

Dear Mr. Lott

It has come to my attention that you hold some goodly amount of sway with the news media, both print and television. I have sought someone such as yourself for some time now, someone to be trusted with information vital to the citizenry of the fair country we like to call America. I became familiar with your journalistic exploits while you yet a wet-behind-the-ears babe at the University of Oklahoma, a fine institution if I may say. I have followed your career with a sort of admiration, and hope that you are the kind of gentleman I seek: a man unafraid of the truth, a man strong enough in spirit to buck the snarling cur dogs of the biased media in the state of Oklahoma. You, Mr. Lott, are in my opinion, such a man.

If, however, by some grievous misfortune, some cosmic error, you are not such a man, then stop reading now. Right now, take this letter and burn it, lest it fall into the clutches of some fiend, for the information I am about to impart to you is so shocking and so important, it just would not do for it to fall into the wrong hands.

If you'll recall the events in Dallas, Texas in 1963, I'm speaking of the assassination of then-President J.F.K., a heinous act, Mr. Lott, a national tragedy. Well, I alone know the truth, and it is almost too horrid to bear. You must make this truth known, Mr. Lott, you simply must!

They blamed it on Oswald carelessly, but it was...the Germans. I know — incredible, but true. The reason, you ask? They thought they were doing us a favor. You see, in his speech in Berlin, Kennedy mispronounced a few key words. He didn't say "I am not an American, I am a Berliner," meaning a citizen of Berlin. He really said, "I am not an American, I am Bearliner," which, as any good German will tell you, is slang for a type of cream-filled pastry. He, in effect, told a whole city that he was a jelly doughnut. They thought he was crazy, so they had a contract put out on his life. After all, who would want the most powerful country on the planet ruled by some wacko who thought he was a continental breakfast? Oh, the humanity, how tragic to die from poor elocution, but there is more — much more, and it gets harder to stomach. So take a shot of Maalox (not the cherry kind; it's yucky) and keep reading.

The actual "hit" was carried out by Victor Kiam, president of the Remington razor company, who had his own insidious motive for doing the dastardly deed. I know this involves some time travel on the part of Mr. Kiam. I can't explain this part to you because there are some national defense secrets I cannot speak of. You'll just have to trust me on this; I know what is best. The reason Kiam was so interested in doing the "job" was that he found out Kennedy used a Norelco and was going to endorse the product in his re-election bid. Kiam couldn't afford to let this happen, so he murdered our dear president in the coldest of blood.

I share these secrets with you, Mr. Lott, not to sicken or incense you to needless violence against Remington products, but in the sincerest hope that you will use all the myriad powers of the media at your disposal to bring this shameful crime to the public eye. For in the words of our famous Negro poet, "Only the peoples shall judge, power to the people."

If there is anything further you require, place a personal ad in *The Daily Oklahoman* asking for a sugarless brownie recipe. I shall contact you.

I remain your humble servant.

X
Oklahoma City, OK

To Whom It May Concern:

After reading a review of **HITCH** in *Factsheet 5*, I am interested in purchasing a sample issue. A copy of your most recent issue would be appreciated.

Cynthia Ippolito
Broadview, IL

Some Contributors:

For once, I haven't written just about everything in the issue. Hooray! The following people are a few good eggs whom I have never met, but liked their stuff enough to give them some space:

Chris Henry, a frequent entrant in "Heapin' Mailbag," manages a Shop-Rite Pharmacy in Swainsboro, GA. He penned the "Godzilla vs. Dirth Harry" article, and with any luck, he'll be writing our next cover story. He is a lone exception to the rule "Never trust anyone with two first names."

Clancy is a woman from Bayonne, NJ who teaches gym for a living. Clancy is not her real name; she has one, but prefers to be known as "Clancy." Whatever.

I don't know much about West Lafayette, IN's **Heath Doerr**, but I'll be damned if he doesn't dig Mentos.

Until next time, this is Rod Lott reminding you to have your pets spayed and neutered.

Paul Rod—

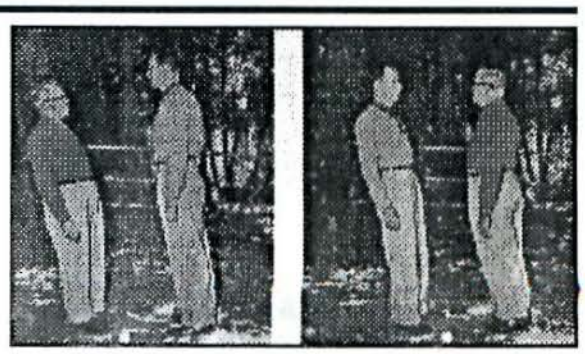
Thanks for **HITCH** 5. (Regarding the Don "The Dragon" Wilson interview,) I liked the picture of the editor being kicked.

Michael Weldon
Psychotronic Video
Narrowsburg, NY

Rod,

Love your zine.

R. Seth Friedman
Factsheet 5
San Francisco, CA



Some random pretty things to look at from the Mailbag: at left, a drawing of the highly copyrighted character Big Boy, by reader Chris Linebaugh. Above, two old men demonstrate visible difference of height at Santa Cruz' Mystery Spot, lovingly submitted by Brian Musial, co-editor of *brikabrak* (see **HITCH** 5).

The Snowjob

By Rod Lott

Sometime between the dusk of Jan. 21 and the dawn of Jan. 22, Oklahoma City was blanketed in a few inches of snow. And not just crappy, wimpy snow, either, but the kind that packs and sticks together real well and, if lobbed with precise force, can tear a retina into shards.

Incidentally, that was also the weekend that Ken Davis, head of **HITCH**'s Kansas Bureau in Wichita, had made the 2-1/2-hour drive to OKC to file his stories that appear within these pages. Instead of whimpering about the winter weather, we took it upon ourselves to use the white precipitation to our advantage, in order to spread goodwill to a city in dire need of cheering, and hopefully associate the words "friend" and "**HITCH**" in their minds as well.

After carefully constructing a snowman atop my 1986 Ford Taurus, we began our mission of goodwill, driving around the streets of jolly ol' OKC. Immediately upon spotting our makeshift Frosty navigating and (at least in spirit) commandeering my vehicle, the good citizens and indigents alike responded with gleeful hand waves, hearty thumbs-up, infectious laughter, approving honks and radiating smiles. One large woman in a station wagon even stopped to preserve the life-affirming moment with one of those cheap, disposable cameras.

Almost instantly, we knew our mission was a resounding success. Yes, sir, we were turning Oklahoma City's collective frown upside-down.

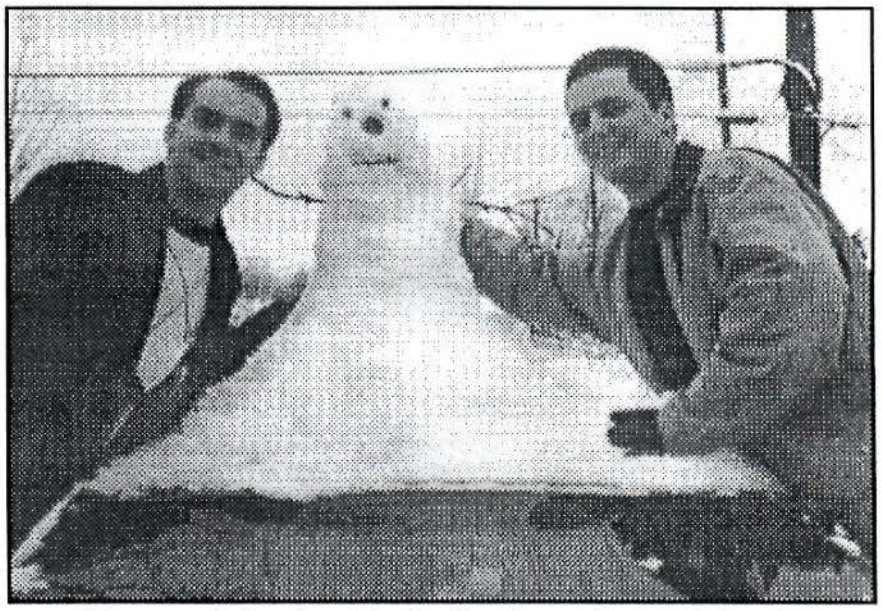
We remained equally as impressed with Frosty's strength and aerodynamic qualities. Even as we flew at the legal 45-mph limit, Frosty budged nary an inch. In short, the bastard was built for speed.

Unfortunately, like all great snowmen of today and yesteryear, he was neither invincible nor invulnerable. After a few hours of pure wonderful life, Frosty fell victim to the inching sun at approximately 2:30 p.m. in the 3200 block of Northwest Expressway (even in front of the Baptist Hospital emergency room, appropriately).

Wishes and prayers cannot bring our friend back. Sadly, they remain just that: wishes and prayers. Though someday, another Frosty may come along, he will never be *that* Frosty... the one that we have known, the one that we have loved.

Shed not a tear. Rather, be thankful for the time we were able to share, the light that he did see and the ardor that he did give.

But most of all, be thankful there was no car behind me at the moment he came a-tumblin', for the driver would have most certainly wrecked and sued my ass.



Ken and Rod with their short-lived friend.

WINNER OF THE HITCH 1994 ESSAY CONTEST

AV Memories

By Geoffrey Alford

Ask me if I miss high school and I won't hesitate to respond with a resounding "Nay!" Ask me, however, if I miss being in the Audio Visual Club in high school and, well, that's a whole other story!

Being part of the AV team comprised perhaps my finest days as a high school student. Whenever my mom tells my younger siblings, "The days you spend in high school will be the best days of your life," all I have to do is think about getting up at the crack of dawn and rushing to school to load filmstrips, and I know my mother is not one to readily fib.

Although I do indeed enjoy my collegiate studies in the radial keratotomy program, it does not afford me the joys inherent in the AV field.

I remember my fellow AVer, Parker, and I had great fun together in AV. At times, however, we'd be prone to loosen the collars of our windbreakers and pull a prank or two — AV style, of course!

For instance:

• Once I was to thread up a DNA filmstrip for Mrs. Dow's third period. As a joke, I substituted a basic ABCs strip reserved for the remedial English classes! Mrs. Dow chalked it up to human error, but boy, if she only knew!

• Parker and I wired into the PA system and played sounds of bleating sheep as the day's lunch menu was read as part of the morning announcements. We got the sound effect off a cool LP in the AV room called *Down on the Farm: 30 Great Animal Sounds*. Although we executed this stunt purely as a funny, the principal didn't see it as such. We narrowly escaped whippings from assistant principal Campbell on that one! Whew! (I won't even dare tell you what we did with the goat sounds!)

• When we had nothing else to do, Parker and I would watch all the dirty parts from the AV room's extensive tape library of *National Geographic* specials. Va-va-va-VOOM! You should see our comp tape!

In conclusion, while I can't wait to pursue my career in RK, in my heart, no matter what I do, no matter where I go, no matter what may lie ahead, I will always have AV...and love it.

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

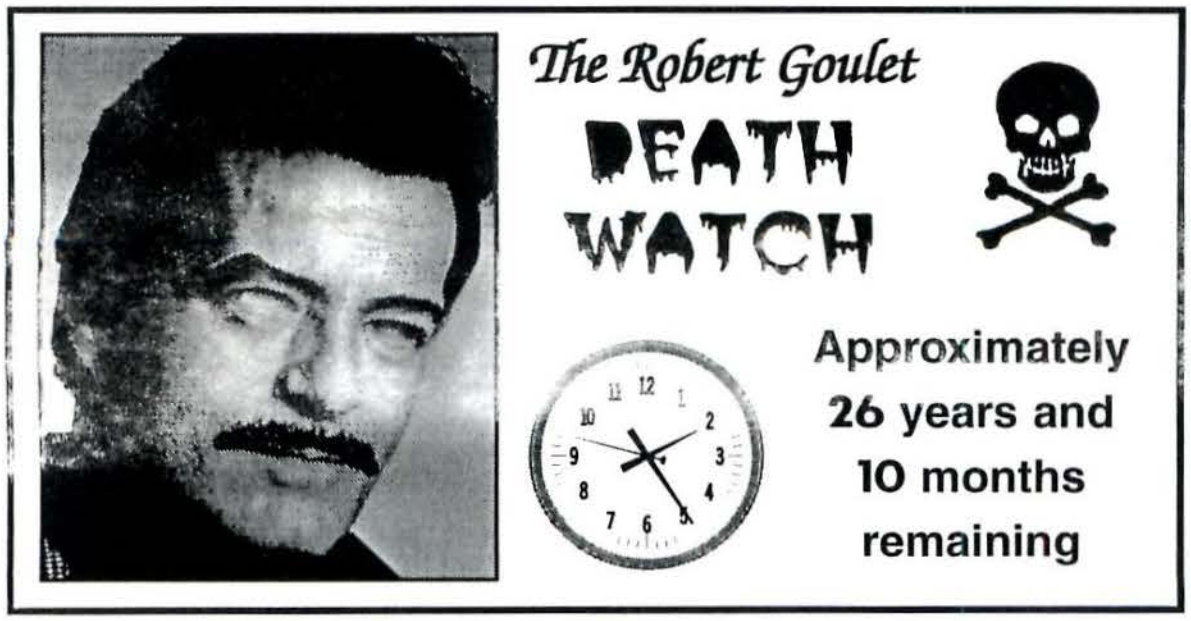
For Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution / First-Degree Murder

Reginald Jerome Brown

ALIAS: Reginald J. Brown, Jack Ross, Derrick Simmons, "Rockin' Reggie" Brown
DOB: 1 / 30 / 66
BIRTHPLACE: Detroit, MI
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 6'2", 165-180 lbs.
BUILD: medium
HAIR: black
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: black
SOCIAL SECURITY: 366-88-8248, 369-88-8248
IDENTIFYING SCARS: over left eye; on head, abdomen and both thighs

So I've got this theory: Reginald Jerome Brown, although having killed a man in cold blood and hanging loose as part of a drug gang, probably never chose to be a worthless piece of phlegm in the throat of society.

No, rather he was *driven* to it, I propose. Think about it: He's back in third grade, minding his own business on the playground at recess, either swinging on a tire or writing his name in the dirt with a stick, and then some fifth-grade thugs come up to him and beat the living crap out of him because he insists on going by the nickname "Rockin' Reggie." Hell, I'd do it, too. Just a thought. Seen him? Call (202) 324-3000.



Obligatory O.J. Editorial

O.J. Simpson is innocent. Actually, Eric and Lyle Menendez shot Ronald Goldman because he winked at Lyle when he was three. Nicole Brown Simpson just happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. O.J. has an alibi: He was with Rodney King driving in Rodney's 1995 Corvette through South Central L.A. looking for some new kitchen appliances. Reginald Denny caught the whole crime on videotape, but the Los Angeles Police Department lost it when the floods came. The confession of the Menendez boys was erased in the earthquake. And the evidence of that, which would have freed O.J., was lost in the fires.

If I could sum up hell, it would be California. I think we need to take a good, hard look at our economy. How many of these problems could be solved if we just sold California? If it's not the immigration problem, it's the fires. If not the fires, the floods. If not the floods, the earthquakes. If not the earthquakes, it's Hollywood.

I think it's time we cut our losses. Pack up, go home. There's no more gold in dem dar hills. We could take an ad out in *USA Today*: "FOR SALE: Los Angeles, overlooking beautiful Pacific Ocean. Washer /dryer hookup, pets OK, comes fully equipped w/ own police/fire/sanitation depts. Buy L.A. now and get San Diego, Sacramento & Congresswmn Feinstein free. Great neighbors — ask about NAFTA. $400.00 negot."

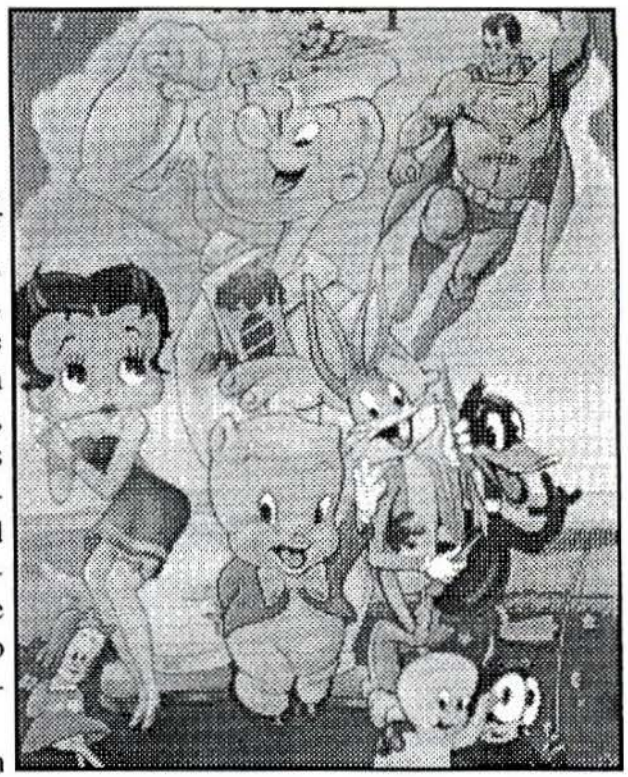
—Clancy

JOURNALISM 101

Excerpt From a Not-at-All-Good High School Newspaper

"'In a draft of the Presidential Policy, more than 7 million people were homeless at some point since the mid 1980s,' according to Patricia Edwards, staff writer for the *U.S.A. Today*. Seven million people, that's a lot! As I was reading a draft of the President's policy on the Homeless I started thinking: Josh where is all this money going? I don't know, I absolutely don't know! We spend nearly 2 million dollars a year, and the problem increases. Something is wrong with this picture. I truly don't know what to say about the homeless problem (Huh, that's a first, isn't it)."

Yabba Dabba Don't



If politically incorrect cartoon characters of yesteryear were made today:

1. Pepe LePew would receive a restraining order and a lawsuit from the black female cat with the white stripe for stalking and sexual harassment.

2. Wile E. Coyote would be given a 50-yard head start on the Road Runner because of learning disabilities and physical limitations.

3. Woody Woodpecker would be protected as an endangered species, regardless of his threat to society.

4. Tom and Jerry would be hailed as pioneers as role models for same-sex domestic partners. However, Tom would be shunned as a facilitator of domestic violence.

5. Wilma and Betty, champions for women's rights, would work at the gravel pit, while Fred and Barney stayed at home to care for Pebbles and Bam-Bam. The "Grand Poobah" would be a woman of Native American descent.

6. Mighty Mouse would be called "Strong American Rodent of the Vertically Challenged."

7. Yogi Bear would be brought up on charges of criminal misconduct, then found "not guilty" by a jury, sympathetic to his years of forced hibernation by the park ranger.

8. Mickey and Minnie Mouse would appear on a talk show entitled "Males with Feminine Voices and the Persons They Can't Make a Commitment With." We'd hear about his fear of commitment due to the struggles of rearing his three nephews as a single parent.

9. Foghorn Leghorn would be ostracized for his reluctance to date the female chicken because she had a nerdy son out of wedlock.

10. Fred would finally have to choose between Daphne and Velma. Shaggy would have to break up with Scooby for a human relationship. Fred, taking note of Shaggy's hip, grunge thing, would lose the ascot and sport a tie-dye. Shaggy, acknowledging his addiction to Scooby snacks, would join a 12-step program, where he would come to terms with his jealousy of Fred.

11. Jane Jetson would get a job. Judy would stop dating rock stars and find she doesn't need men to be happy. Elroy would tell George about his obsession with Rosie, the robot maid. Cogswell Cogs would undergo a hostile takeover by Spacely Sprockets, where an African-American CEO would run the whole operation.

12. "Josie and the Pussycats" would be called "Jo and the Lionesses."

13. Sylvester would finally get to claw the old woman's eyes out and eat Tweety Bird. (Alright, it's not politically correct, but is it wrong to dream?)

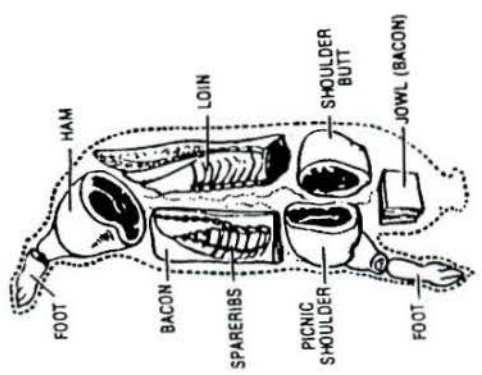
14. Elmer Fudd would get therapy for his lisp and join an animal rights group. Bugs Bunny could finally come to terms with his desire to dress as a female. Daffy Duck would find acceptance amongst his peers, despite his inability to form meaningful and lasting friendships.

15. Porky Pig would be called "Big-Boned Slob." —*Clancy*

Now Showing in Hell

5 7 FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS (CC) 3715
A pig guzzles milk; the "Ninja Baby" is home alone; a bride shows too much cleavage; a hot-air balloon surprises neighbors. Also: kids do the darndest things. Bob Saget hosts.

Bacon:
The Early Years



Biggest Pet Peeves of Slim Goodbody

☞ Being outdoors on gusty days causes debris to stick to his organs.

☞ Leaking on sidewalks often results in police citations.

☞ Not invited back to friends' homes after staining their couches; his own bill for ScotchGuard is outrageous.

☞ Taunted by women in public with cries of "You call *that* a pancreas?"

☞ Derelicts often try to snatch his liver.

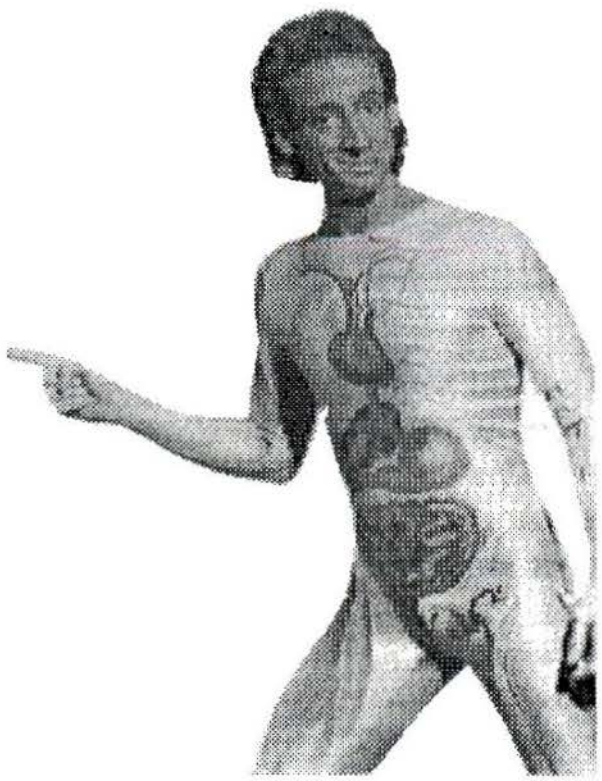
☞ Suntanning tends to attract vultures.

☞ Intestines almost always begin to unravel at the most inopportune moments.

☞ The winters are a bitch.

☞ Those jokers who keep asking, "Is that a pelvic bone or are you just happy to see me?"

—*Rod Lott*



A HITCH Investigation

Snap, Crackle, Piss

An age-old question as significant, unexplainable and complex as such inquiries as "Is there life on other planets?" and "Will we ever find a way to live forever?" is the remarkable mystery of why, after eating a bowl of Kellogg's Smacks or Post's Golden Crisp, does one's urine unmistakably smell like the cereal for hours following?

I first noticed this when I was still in grade school and I used to eat three or four bowls of it every Saturday morning during cartoon time. Even with my one occasional bowl today, the problem continues — when urinating, I am treated to the strong aroma of sweet honey and wheat. Behind each innocent piece of wholesome puffed wheat lies a body-altering enigma.

I am not the only one to notice this, either; both my brothers have admitted to noting the effect, a couple of friends have after I pointed it out and even my wife — who thought I was crazy — tried it and was immediately shocked and converted.

In my quest to discover the cause of this, I went straight to the source and called the Kellogg's consumer hotline. The woman who answered my call took my question seriously and said "it shouldn't do that. Maybe it's the additives in it." Regardless, she said she would transfer me to one of their consumer specialists.

After a five-minute holding period, I was connected with Diane.

"I have a question, and I know it's strange," I began, "but it's an honest-to-God, truthful question."

"Yes, sir, I understand. Do go on," she said, in the tone a psychiatrist might use with a suicidal patient.

"Ever since I was a kid, I've noticed this — and friends and family have, too — that after eating Sugar Smacks, one's urine smells exactly like it for the rest of the day," I said.

She laughed, and then apologized for laughing. "That's one I haven't heard before."

"Really?" I said. "I would've thought someone else would've asked you this. I mean, is there something in there that would cause it to do that?"

"Well, I've only been here a couple of years," Diane said. "Let me talk to someone who's been here a lot longer and see if they've ever encountered this problem."

When Diane returned, sadly, she was without answers.

"You know, it could just be the basic combination of honey and wheat," she said.

"That's exactly what my urine smells like: honey and wheat!"

"Does it happen to you with any other honey and wheat products?"

"Just Post's Super Sugar Crisp, which is their Smacks equivalent," I told her.

"Did you call them?" she asked. "I'm curious as to what they said."

"No, I called you because Kellogg's is better than Post."

"I'm sorry, but we've not had this comment before. I don't have a clue as to what it could be or why it happens," she said. "I know that if you eat cabbage it can affect the odor and color of your urine."

I informed her that I was not a cabbage consumer. She then asked me for my name so she could enter the comment into the computer system to have it on file in case the question should come up again.

"Bob Clipson," I said, spelling out the last name for accuracy.

I proved my unbelieving co-workers wrong the next morning by bringing in a box of Golden Crisp, cups, spoons and milk. "Smell the cereal," I instructed. "Do you smell that?"

"Yes," my boss said.

"Good. That same smell will be coming out of your urinary tract in about an hour."

I was the first to void my bladder that morning and, without fail, it happened.

Afterward, I called Post. The serious-voiced lad manning the phones said he had never heard of such a thing, and seemed unamused by my using the phrase "alter the smell of one's urine" in his presence. All he had to offer was this non-explanation: "Sir, Post Golden Crisp cereal does have a high concentration of minerals that may cause that, but I am not a physician, so I could not say."

I wish *someone* would.

Our world can not afford to sit silently any more. If you, too, have noticed this bizarre and intriguing phenomenon, allow your affliction to be known. Perhaps if enough calls concerning the sweet-pee fiasco are fielded, they will instigate an investigation so that, one day, we might have answers. Call Kellogg's at (800) 962-1413 and Post at (800) 431-POST. And when phoning the big K, ask for Diane; despite her laughter, she's a swell gal.

And here's a helpful hint: If you're going to be stranded in the desert, eat a bunch of Smacks and/or Pops beforehand, so that if you're forced to drink your own urine, at least it won't go down bitter.

—Rod Lon

FLASH GORDON
Written by Thomas Warkentin
PRINCESS ZARA HAS RETURNED WITH A GIFT...
I PICKED THIS JUST FOR YOU, FLASH!
GOLLY! FOR... (GULP) ME?
SHORTLY...
TASTES GREAT!
LESS FILLING, TOO!!!
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Ask Dr. Murphy, ROBODOC

Dr. Murphy is a family practitioner in Boise, Idaho. A father of two, he is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, president of the Idaho Medical Association and can singe things with his left eye. He is a cyborg.

Dear Dr. Murphy: When I'm in class writing notes copiously or at home typing papers for the class in which I take notes copiously, my wrists start to cramp up. It hurts very much and causes a throbbing, almost maddening, pain. What can I do? —Sylvia H.

Dear Sylvia H.: The enigma you sustain with your wrists is not an uncommon one. Simple exercises should remedy your frustrations. For instance, turn a torque wrench wildly on such mechanisms as a child's go-cart. Better yet, disassemble your home's furnace with a variety of screwdrivers, which should allow your wrists proper exercise. If that fails, come to my office and I will singe the affected area with my left eye. I am a cyborg.

• • •

Dear Dr. Murphy: All during the day at any hour, no matter what activity I'm doing, I often get really thirsty. Let me say that I work in an office as an accountant, so I'm not jumping hurdles or anything like that, but I always need a big glass of water. But 20 minutes later, I'm thirsty again! What is the problem? —James R.

Dear James R.: I, too, am often inflicted with the unbearable thirst from which you suffer and seek to have quenched. For me, however, it is brought about by strenuous activities such as lifting homes. When this occurs, I find it very helpful not only to consume a beverage, but also to open up my front plate and give my internal chassis a brief, yet comforting, lube. If you find you are experiencing trouble with your internal chassis, I suspect a malfunction in the anterior combustion chamber. If that proves to be a correct diagnosis, come to my office and I will singe it with my left eye. I am a cyborg.

• • •

Dear Dr. Murphy: So there I was lifting boxes the other day, helping my sister Debbie move out of her office since she got fired and all. Anyway, there's this real heavy box, see? I think it had books or something like that in it. Heavier than my sister Debbie anyway, I'll tell ya that! Anyway, I pick it up and YOW! I feel like I been run over by an Amtrak, y'know? Hey, what gives? —Louie D.

Dear Louie D.: When you bent over to retrieve the box which you intended to move, you might have ruptured a disc or perhaps even severed your spinal cord. I would ask you, "Can you move?" If not, I would say it was your spinal cord. Regardless, always lift with the arms, not your back. Have you ever tried extending your arms to the box without bending over at all? If you flip the third switch on the right in the control panel embedded in your left shoulder, this task can be performed with ease. As for your back, however, if your inner circuitry fails to remedy the situation within three working days, come to my office and I will singe it with my left eye. I am a cyborg.

Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Krull
(1983)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

I liked this film as much as any other I have seen since *Brewster's Millions*. Usually, action-fantasy movies are not that good to me, but when the plot got heavy in this jewel, I put down my popped corn and gave it my full attention. I plan to see this film two more times to find out more about how the Krullmaster goes about his marvelous and mystical ways. Helpful hint: When I am constipated, I yell "Krull!" and am relieved. Try it!

Ghost Dad
(1990)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This Will Cosby film is a lot like the film *Ghost*, only with a dad and not as many steamy scenes. I guess you could say that I am a very big fan of Mr. Cosby. He is a talented actor and makes faces funnier than I have seen in more than 12 years. Basically, Mr. Cosby comes back a ghost and visits his family — and fun ensues! I don't want to tell you much more about this film, as that would spoil the fun. I will say, so that you do not get your hopes up, that Martin Mull is not in this film, but I think you'll enjoy it regardless!

The Incredible Shrinking Woman
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

A short review for a movie about a tiny person — this one's a doozy! Go see it! It has many funny scenes with a gorilla! I guarantee the lines will not be short for this one, so get there early!

See you at the movies!

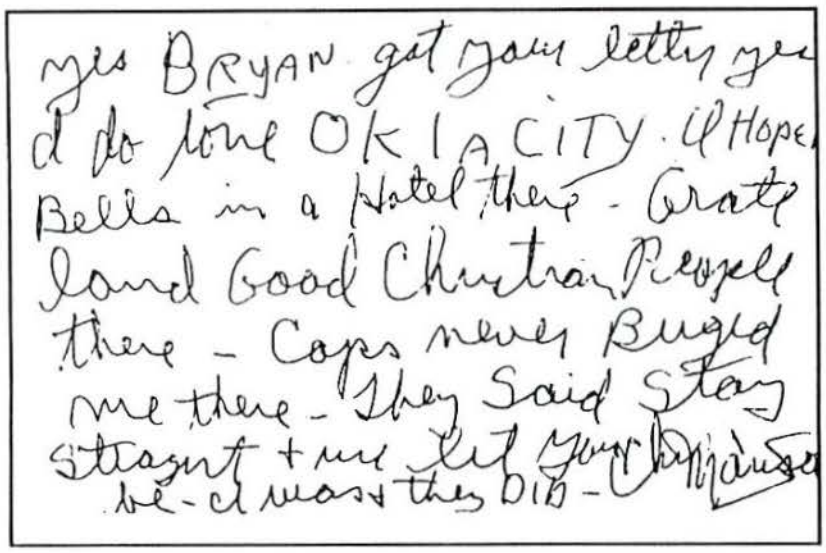
Bryan's Celebrity Corner

By Bryan Pearson

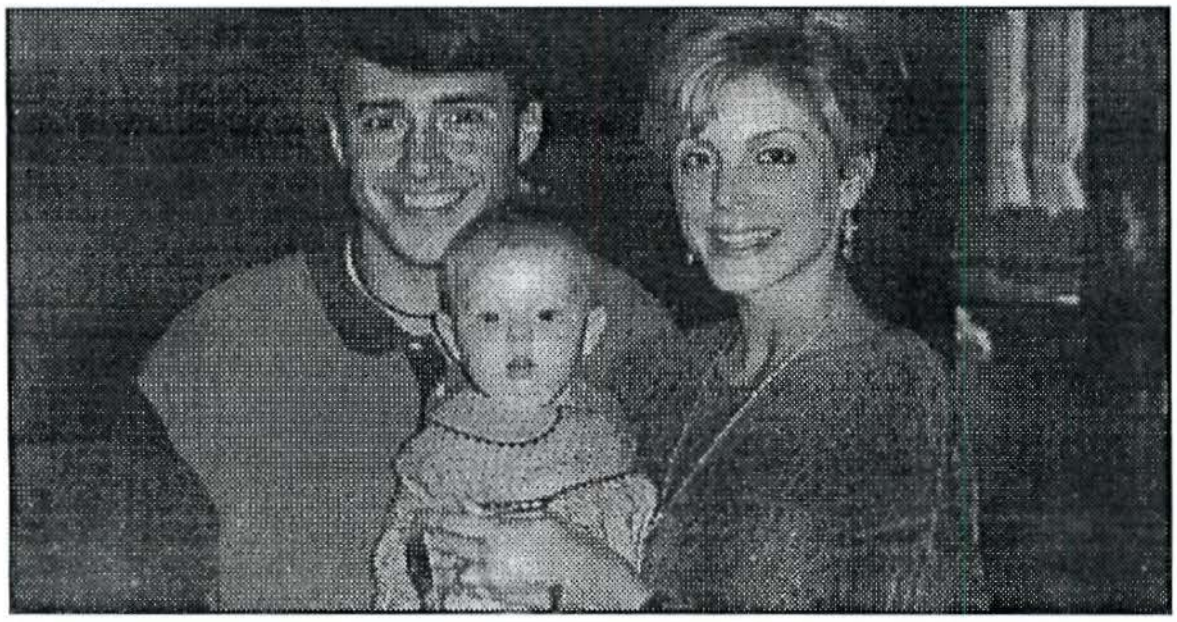
Hafa adai! Welcome to my column; I'm glad to be a part of the **HITCH** gang. Not since I worked for the Don (Trump, Donald) have I been so excited! My wacky and crazy column is about all the wacky folks I have come into contact with, whether it be written or in the flesh, with the wackiest of them all being Chuck Manson.

For those of you who don't know who Mr. Manson is, he is a fellow who has had more than a bad childhood. Here is a postcard he wrote to me from prison. I believe it speaks for itself.

Rumor has it that Chuck is getting out of the cage sometime in June, so if anyone out there has an extra room for him, let me know and I'll relay the info to him. I'll announce the winner next issue. Please include a photo of the room, and send your entry to: Manson Room Search Contest, 7117 N.W. 46th St., Bethany, OK 73008.


yes BRYAN got your letter yes
d do love OKLA CITY. U Hope
Bella in a Hotel there - Great
land Good Christian People
there - Cops never Bugid
me there - They Said Stay
Straight + me Let Your Chuck
be-d mass they DID - Chuck

Another swell person I've come in contact with, this one being slightly cuter than the aforementioned Manson, is my friend Marla Maples (Mrs. Trump) and her daughter Tiffany. I met these folks at Mar-A-Lago in Palm Beach, Florida when I worked for Trump. They were keen people. Most celebs I have goosed usually go "yipes" or "geez," but as you can see in this picture, Marla kept her composure, probably as a result of previous goosings.



INTERNERD.INFO

ATOMIC BOOKS

literary finds for mutated minds

Email: atomicbk@clark.net
BBS: 410.669.4179
NIRVANAnet Node 9:200/1
Instant Anonymous Access
Anonymous FTP:
ftp clark.net /pub/atomicbk
World Wide Web:
http://www.clark.net/pub/atomicbk/home.html

FOR A SPECIAL GRADUATION TREAT
DINE OUT TONIGHT!

McHigher Education

From the March 13, 1995 edition of *The Wichita Eagle*:

RESTAURANTS

Susan Orta, manager of McDonald's on South Rock Road, has graduated with honors from McDonald Corp.'s Hamburger University with a Bachelor of Hamburgerology degree and an appointment to the University Dean's List. **Randy Harris,** manager of McDonald's on South Seneca, also received a Bachelor of Hamburgerology degree.

Two questions come to mind:

1. Who signs the degree, Ronald McDonald or the Hamburglar?

2. Is it too late to change my major?

—Ken Davis

Was Serial Killer a Veritable Rich Little?

When convicted murderer Thomas Grasso was *finally* executed in Oklahoma City in March — after a long and heated weenie-measuring contest between Oklahoma Gov. David Walters and New York Gov. Mario Cuomo over who deserved to put him to death — he left the world showing no remorse for his crime (he killed an elderly woman for $12) and doing a nifty impression at that.

As the media was told following the lethal injection by prison officials, Grasso made four quick gasps for air, then died.

"It sounded like a motorboat," the official reasoned.

One enterprising reporter, desperately searching for an angle on a story as straightforward as you could get, asked, "Now, was that a motorboat of fear or a motorboat of relief?"

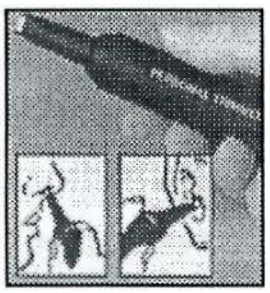
The official paused. "A motorboat," he said.

NO APOLOGIES!

SMELLS LIKE THE DEATH-OF-KURT-COBAIN-ONE-YEAR-ANNIVERSARY

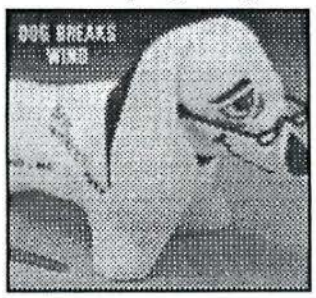
It Came from Catalog Hell

Looking for that perfect unique present for Mom and Pops for their big appreciation days this summer? Forget flowers and ugly ties — you can shock the willies out of your folks with ingenious gifts direct from the wacky catalog of one Ms. Harriet Carter, who's been offering "Distinctive Gifts Since 1958..."



Tired of Daddy-O's unsightly nose hairs? Get him the Personal Trimmer II for all his nose, ear and eyebrow needs for a low $5.98 (battery not included). Dad also would no doubt appreciate you giving Mom the tome *203 Ways to Drive a Man Wild in Bed*, which lists "playful techniques that turn love-making into a tantalizing adventure." It's a sure-fire excuse to stay out past curfew, kids!

Grandpa getting a little windy? Liven



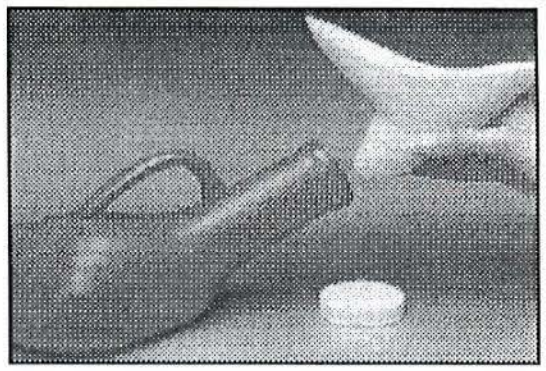
things up at his next birthday party with the Old Fart's Autograph Hound. "Guests will howl as this pooch is passed around — he makes that embarrassing sound of (farting) when squeezed!" And since it is meant to be signed, Grandpa can remember for the remainder of his years everyone who personally witnessed his embarrassing moment.

Girlfriend getting a bit on the pudgy side? Treat her to Thinny Thighs thigh cream, and she's sure to shrink her feelings for you. Or how about the perfect gift to frighten small children: a clown toilet seat cover that changes its expression from evil smile to evil, wicked smile while he's pinching his nose because *you stink!*

Your boss coming over for dinner? Have the last laugh with Revenge Toilet Paper. "Catches them with their pants down...literally." You see, there's no way this stuff can be torn (and no way you're getting that promotion if you try it out on him, either).

Must I go on? This catalogue is the cream of the crop for our White Trash Nation. Check out these must-haves: Budweiser slippers are "for the man with style." There's a *Big on Fitness* video for all the big ones in your life, as well as tasteful mugs reading "I Suffer From CRS — Can't Remember Shit." You can even write your own legal will for $6.98. Or convince your neighbors you're downright bonkers by wearing shiny, green Lighthearted Leprechaun shoes. There's even the T-shirt your wife's always dreamed of owning: "That's *Ms.* Bitch To You."

Out in public with no place to go? It's no problem if you have the Portable Urinal for men *and* women. The "lady's adapter makes it easy for women to use," yet looks suspiciously like a funnel you'd

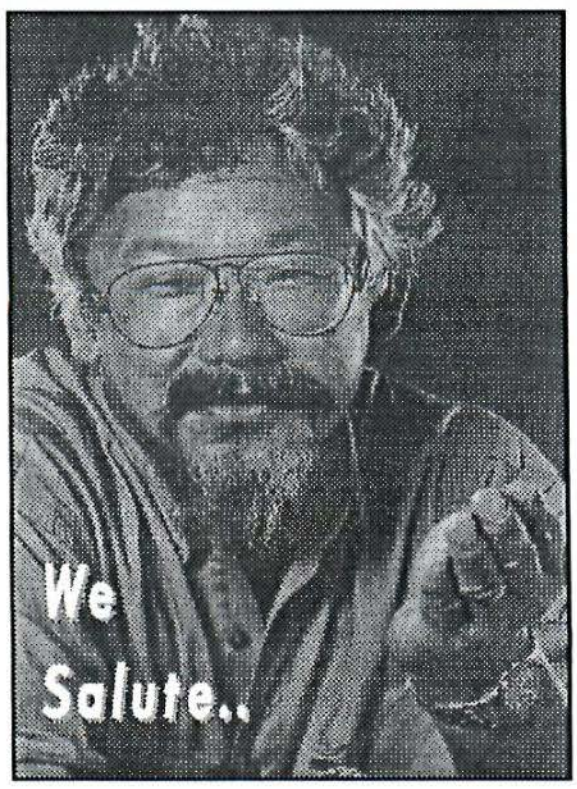


use to put oil in your car. It even holds up to 28 ounces for those big-bladdered pedestrians out there.

Finally, nothing more demonstrates your graciousness as a host than the Little Squirt Automatic Drink Dispenser, which is a replica of a little boy who pisses your favorite beverage right into your glass. A real steal at $10.98.

Better whip out the ol' plastic. With offers like these, they're sure to sell like...like...well, like portable urinals. Just charge by phone, (215) 361-5151, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Harriet herself is standing by to assist you with your order!

—Malena Lott



MAY IS

BEEF MONTH

Alpen's Baby Name List for 1995

Name your newborn any of the following and he/she will shine like a star in our bleak society.

Girl
Dove
Costas
Flow
Trimblak
Spice
Oak
Look-not
Poach
Brimcap

Boy
Mill
Time
Roep
L
She
Mite (or Miet)
For
So
Mitch

Girl/Boy
Nest
Thirsty
Tad

Joe a-Go-Go

By Joe Rogers

The Continuing Adventures of a Real-Life Ramblin' Man, Part 5

Is it just a Canadian thing, or does everywhere but the places I've been have fast-food restaurants serving French fries with gravy poured over them? I have a feeling it's a Canadian thing. I'm a connoisseur of fast-food (no kidding) and have never seen this sort of thing anywhere else. I proved that, I suppose, the first time I ordered it.

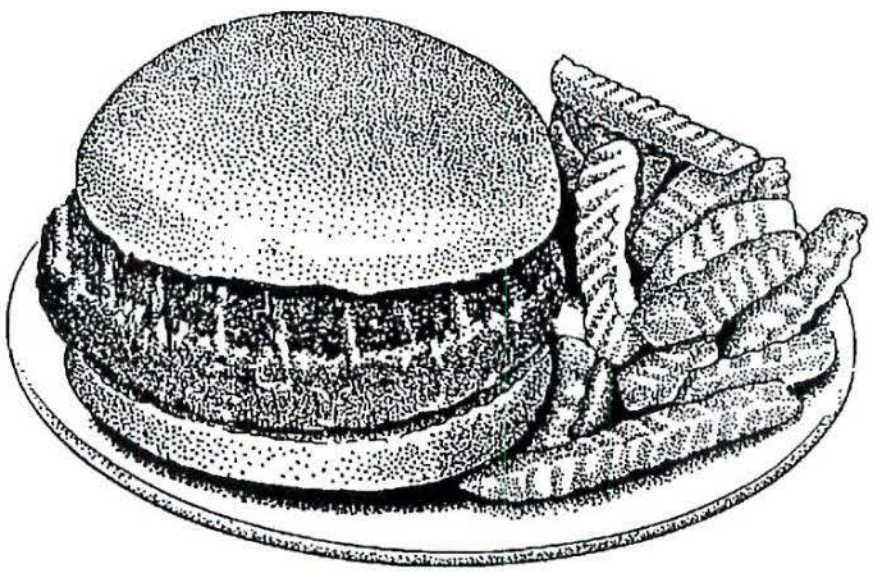
I saw it on the Burger King drive-thru menu in Burnaby (a small municipality considered to be in the Vancouver metropolitan area) and ordered it. "French Fries with Curds and Gravy," the menu read, describing what is called "poutine." Now, when I ordered "poutine" (/pow-teyen/), I was immediately corrected by the loudspeaker, "You mean /poo-teen/?" *Ah,* I thought, *a dang French word.*

The curds, it turned out, were just lumps of cheese. The whole thing was served in a dish with a fork and had brown gravy drowning it all. And it didn't taste all that bad; it just didn't have that *crispiness* that I've come to know and love in the standard French fry. It was more like mushy fries in gravy, which I figured wasn't all that different from mashed potatoes with gravy. Except the extra fat you get from the frying process, of course.

✌ ✌ ✌

One thing about Canada: You don't miss out on any American news. Now, *back home,* I never heard all that much about Canadian goings-on. But up here, I tuned into a Seattle station (NBC or something) and watched a bit of the election happenings before I was made ill. Republicans winning *everything*? Is everyone saying that they liked it better when Bush and Reagan were in office? Is everyone saying that they support trickle-down-tax-cuts-for-the-rich-WASP-moral-majority politics? Is everyone saying that they really *do* believe Rush?

I am not a liberal, and I am not a conservative. Up in Canada, they have two political parties in prominence: the Liberals and the Conservatives. Funny how in the United States, the word "liberal" is thought of as being synonymous with "stupid," and the word "conservative" is thought of as being synonymous with "smart." The Prime Minister of Canada (their President)



is a member of the Liberal Party. The Canadians don't have the misconceptions of the word "liberal" we seem to enjoy having as Americans.

But I'm not a liberal, not really. I'm not a member of any political party, in fact; I'm not a Democrat or a Republican. So I'm not trying to bias anyone toward one party or the other. If you feel like rich people should stay rich, and that poor people are just, well, stupid and deserve poverty, then join the Republican Party. If you think that throwing money at problems and giving convicted criminals paroles is the way to go, then join the Democratic Party. If you think that the problems of the United States are far more complex than anyone wishes to believe, and certainly would not be understood by a voting public who wants people who can say everything in a nutshell — people like Rush, who can explain the problems of the United States in 30 minutes — well, then, friend, you're one like me. I don't believe that either political party has its eye on the ball; I think they've got their eyes fixed upon what's good and beneficial for *them* alone. They're not unlike our politicians in that way.

So what I'm trying to do is come up with a name for the political party I've decided to form. Only it's not really gonna be a political party like the political parties I despise. It'll try to be one that can simply claim that there are still workable ideas and solutions for America's problems, and not one that claims to have all the answers. That sort of talk should be left up to religions; political and societal problems are harder to explain than the space 30-minute segments allow. A political association (Is that a better term? Association?) that encourages its members to work together, to pool their thoughts and ideas, and make a real attempt at first understanding the problems, and then figuring out what to do about them.

Of course, a political association of this nature is one doomed from its conception. Few people want to think about things like this. It's a whole lot easier to just be dissatisfied with the state of affairs and vote for whoever's not in charge at the time. We did that through Reagan and Bush, and we're doing that with Clinton, too. It makes me wonder if it's atrophy that's truly desired by the public.

Anyone got a name for the dead-end group? I'm leaning toward "The Potato Party" myself.

✌ ✌ ✌

Anyhow, I know everyone's not interested in that sort of rambling. "Just make me laugh," you say. "Just tell me something funny." But I don't really have much of that stuff now, while the election's still on my mind, and I'm wondering if anything'll ever get *done in* Washington. But next time, I hope to get better. I'll have gone down Robson Street, by the body-piercing / tattoo parlors, the East German guy's chessboard setup and the street-corner bagpipe player by then. Vancouver does have things like that to brighten your spirits. But then, it is "the Jewel of the Pacific."

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

March 6, 1994

President
Warner Bros. Home Video
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, California 91522

Dear Mr. Warner:

As a senior citizen who has enjoyed your picture shows since the days of Gable and Lombard, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

I am writing to protest the home video release later this week of "The Fugitive" starring Harison Ford. The reason for this? Simple. The bad guy in this movie is a one armed man. As one of this country's one armed men myself I find this revolting and insulting. We are harmless folk who did not wish to have just one arm. Why must we continue to be persecuted by Hollywood?

I lost my arm in a tragic combine accident when I was a youth in the Great Depresion. Since that day which I will never forget, I have been subject to many meansprited remarks and insults. At times I have been ashamed of who I am. Seeing a one armed man in one of the year's most popular movies only compounds the problem. To this day when I am in the market, I am treated to stares and laughs by strangers. Some of them, mostly the younger kids, say things like "there is the mean one armed man who tried to kill Harison Ford."

I do not appreciate it and I am tired of it. Apparently this is begining to be an alarming trend with your company. You have also released "Twin Peaks". The killer in this show is also a man with (yes you guessed it) one arm. I challenge you to prove that one armed men are so violent. I would challenge you to name for me real life one armed men that you know that have actually killed somebody. I bet you can not. For the record I will remind you that Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby, and John Hinckley all had two arms.

I am considering contacting the AFL-CIO about this injustice if proper action is not taken. I call for all copies of "The Fugitive" starring Harison Ford to be removed from all stores and destroyed. If your company is not wanting

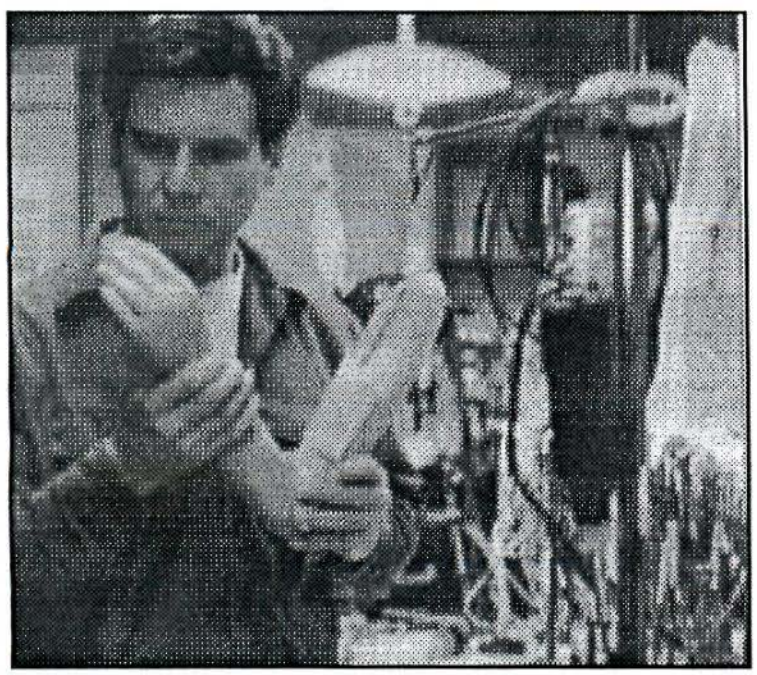
to do this I think a nice thing to do would be to postpone the release for a week or so to give us (one armed people) the time to make a disclaimer to put at the beginning of the movie so that the world may know our suffering and daily humiliation, partly because of the portrayal of one armed men in movies like "The Fugitive" starring Harison Ford.

I would appreciate your thoughts on this manner. I might even write President Clinten about it.

Thank you kindly.

Robert C. Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112



Note to Reader:
As of more than one year later, my letter to Warners concerning this abomination of the human spirit remains

UNANSWERED.

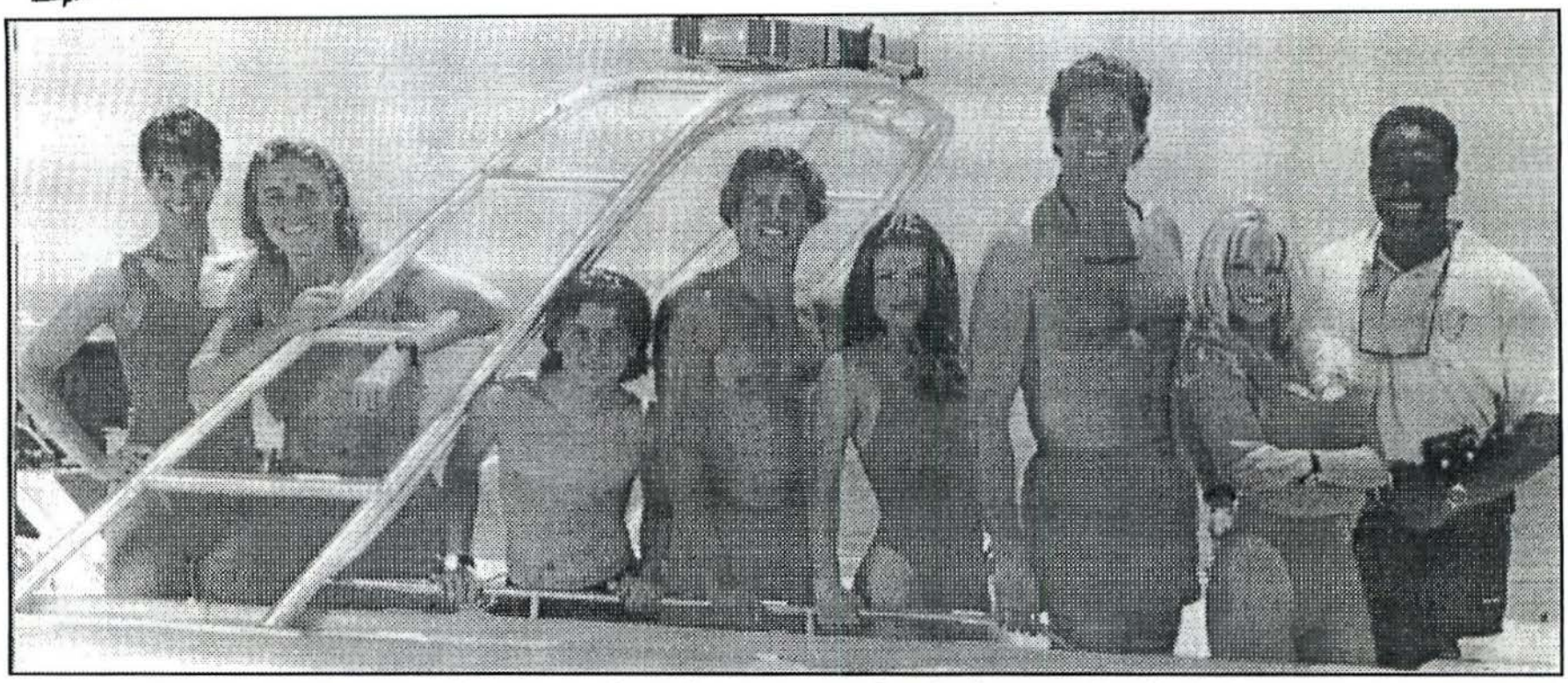
Sincerely,

Robert

Excerpts from David Hasselhoff's

BAYWATCH

Diary



You gotta love our talented cast. I sure do...had sex with all of them.

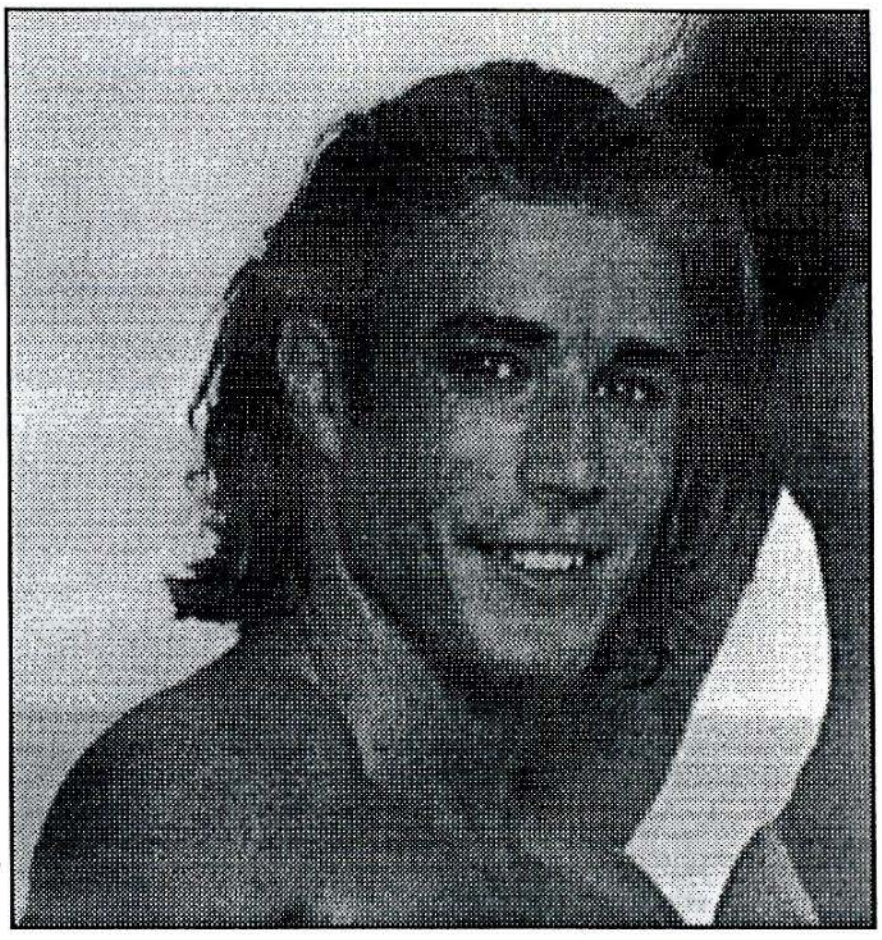
Pam is so dedicated to the show that she had floatation devices implanted into her chest. Ha! Just kidding. I am a kidder of the first order.

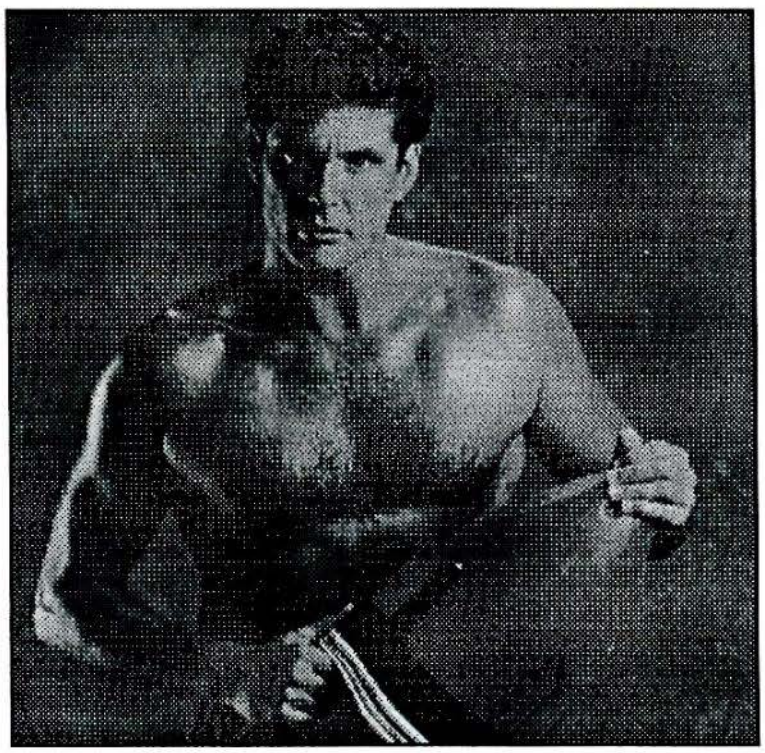
Dear Diary...

Today may not have been a record-setting one temperature-wise, according to the ol' weatherman, but I can assure you it was amongst the warmest in my heart. That I do know.

You see, today was the day we got to film the scene on page 7. The one where I have to run in the water to save the asthmatic boy. Right from the first take, I was on fire. My chest properly oiled, my nipples hard with excitement, my hair coifed to perfection, I ran toward the waves, feeling my buff chest run with me. My legs looked so fine.

The scene worked. Once again, I am God. I love what we do, and what I, specifically, do for the world. *Fondly, Dave*





(above left)
At first, it was hard adjusting to having a man as my new partner. Ha! Again, I am kidding! I'm a kidder by trade! So sue me!

(above right)
Whenever Jason needs help or attention on the set, I am there for him. Whether it's a shoulder to cry on or an extra hand or two to aid in changing out of his swim trunks, he knows he can always count on me to be there for him.

(left)
I feel pretty.

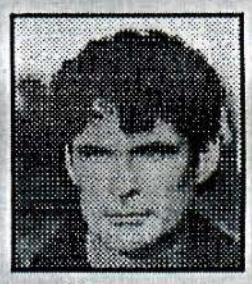
We get a lot of criticism about our show, all of which I pooh-pooh. They're just jealous, I say. The level of professionalism amongst our cast remains so high when it comes to acting skills. I happen to believe, with justification of course, that my versatility and range as an actor are no accident to the show's enormous success.

Fear

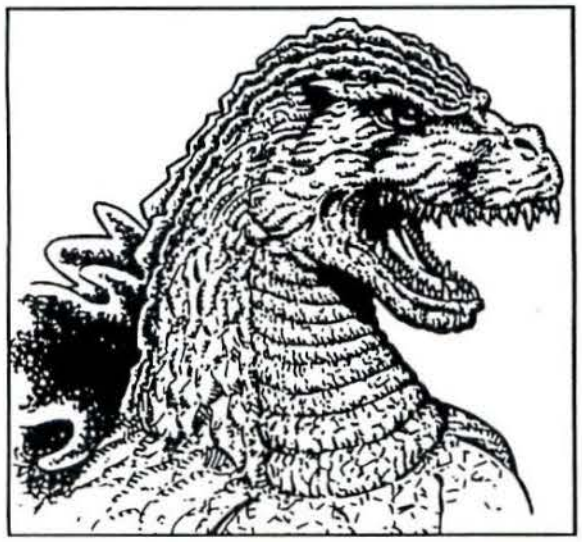
Joy

Anger

Surprise


Sorrow

Orgasmic



GODZILLA VS. DIRTY HARRY

A screenplay by Chris Henry
from a story by Dirk Squarejaw, Woody Allen and Quentin Tarantino.

OPENING SCENE
(At Yokomoto's Sushi Palace, a Folger's Coffe ad is being shot. The ANNOYING FOLGER'S COFFEE GUY — hereafter referred to as the "Annoying Folger's Coffee Guy" (or AFCG for short) — gives us his usual spiel.)

AFCG
(in English)
We're here today at one of Tokyo's finest restaurants, Yokomoto's Sushi Palace, where we've secretly replaced the usual coffee with deep, dark, rich Folger's Crystals. Let's see what some of the patrons think.

(Cut to scene of AFCG's hand holding a microphone in the faces of two scientists whose names are KEN SMITH and CHUCK JOHNSON, despite the fact that they are both Japanese.)

KEN
(dubbed)
It has a very rich, full bodied aroma.

CHUCK
(dubbed)
Yes. It is an excellent brew.

(At this point, the entire building begins to shake and the lights begin to flicker.)

KEN
What was that?

AFCG
That was Godzilla. You see for the past few days, he's been destroying buildings, stepping on cars, tearing down power lines and eating finer restaurants like those that serve deep, dark, rich Folger's Crystals.

CHUCK
Godzilla! Ken, what will we do?

KEN
We must get to our laboratory immediately or Tokyo will be destroyed!

SCENE 2
(At the laboratory, KEN and CHUCK are working with beakers and test tubes, frantically trying to come up with a way to fight GODZILLA. The AFCG is aiso there.)

AFCG
How can we hope to fight Godzilla?

KEN
I read on the Internet a way to make a very powerful bomb out of ordinary household items, but I'm afraid that if I use it, the sun could undergo a gravitational collapse and become a black hole.

CHUCK
Ken, what if we passed an isolated cobalt isotope through a semi-permeable membrane of Afro-Sheen and directed it at one of our satellites orbiting the Earth? Perhaps the solution could gain enough strength as a result of the reflection to kill Godzilla! And we wouldn't have to worry about destroying the sun!

KEN
Great Scott, Chuck, I think you've hit on something there! There's only one problem.

CHUCK
What's that, Ken?

KEN
Instead of cobalt, we should use...barium!

CHUCK
By George, Ken, that's it!

SCENE 3
(On the edge of Tokyo, KEN, CHUCK and the AFCG wait for GODZILLA's next appearance along with the military and the newly constructed Weapon X, which will fire the barium isotope into outer space. In order to pad the film out to feature length, we see endless shots of toy tanks rolling into position.)

KEN
General, wait until you get the word from me before you launch Weapon X.

GENERAL
(played by the director's brother - and dubbed)
Yes, sir!

CHUCK
What do we do now, Ken?

KEN
Just hope and pray that it works, Chuck.

GENERAL
Dr. Smith! Over there! It's Godzilla!

(Endless shots of GODZILLA knocking down things, stepping on things and making noises.)

GENERAL
Now, sir?

KEN
Now!

(Endless shots of ray gun being fired, then

toy satellite being struck by ray, then ray striking GODZILLA, who is unaffected by the ray.)

GENERAL
Weapon X has failed! We're doomed!

CHUCK
Ken, what could have happened?

KEN
I don't know, Chuck! My calculations determined that barium was the key element for Weapon X!

CHUCK
Wait, Ken! The barium is missing! And it's been replaced with...with...

AFCG
That's right. You see, I secretly replaced it with deep, dark, rich Folger's Crystals.

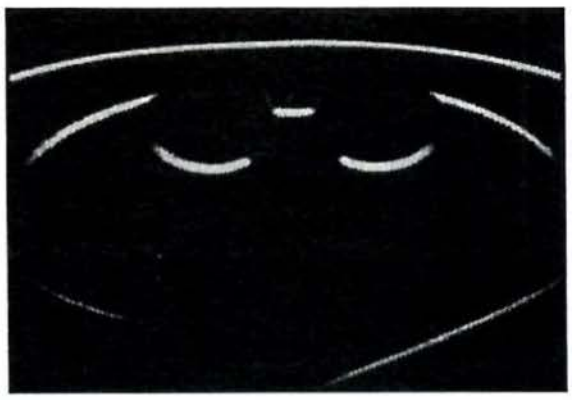
KEN
You fool! By your hand, Tokyo is doomed!

(Insert theme music from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. CLINT EASTWOOD walks up to GODZILLA and after saying something really cool, puts a single bullet in his head. GODZILLA falls to the ground, motionless.)

KEN
You see, Chuck, it all worked out in the end. Now we can resume our meal at Yokomoto's Sushi Palace.

CHUCK
You are right, Ken. It did all work out in the end.

HITCH's 1995 Summer Movie Preview



BATMAN FOREVER

Why You Shouldn't See It:

• Michael Keaton isn't in it, but Val Kilmer is. • Rene Russo was replaced by Nicole Kidman. • Jim Carrey. • Tim Burton didn't direct it • The guy who did *St. Elmo's Fire* did. • Chris O'Donnell wears tights. • Jim Carrey. • Tommy Lee Jones plays *yet another* bad guy. • It appears that Drew Barrymore is going to have a hit, thereby extending her A-film career. • Jim Carrey.

Why You Should:

• It's Batman!

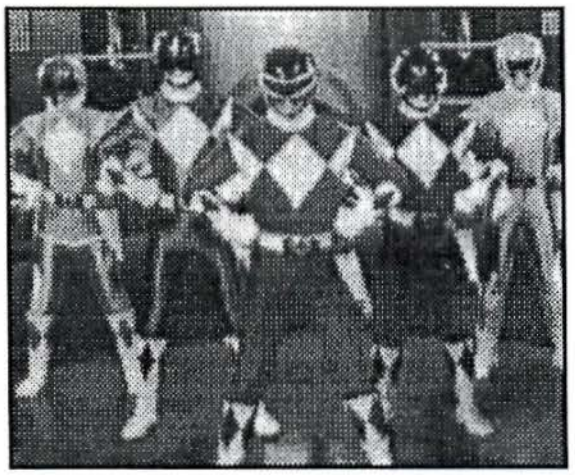
CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST

Why You Shouldn't See It:

• Caspar still friendly; no chance of him being evil and splitting Christina Ricci's head.

Why You Should:

• Unlike fellow Harvey Comics adaptation *Richie Rich*, does not star Macaulay Culkin.



MIGHTY MORPHIN POWER RANGERS: THE MOVIE

Why You Shouldn't See It:

• It's the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. • Smell of dirty pants in theater will be overwhelming.

Why You Should:

• Prior to film, you have the opportunity to tell all the kids that you've seen this before, and that all the Power Rangers die at the end.

TO WONG FOO, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, JULIE NEWMAR

Why You Shouldn't See It:

• Wesley Snipes in drag. • John Leguizamo in drag. • Patrick Swayze in drag. • Patrick Swayze in it, period. • In general, looks like it would give you the heebie-jeebies.

Why You Should:

• Probably not as many gays in the audience as in *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert.*

WATERWORLD

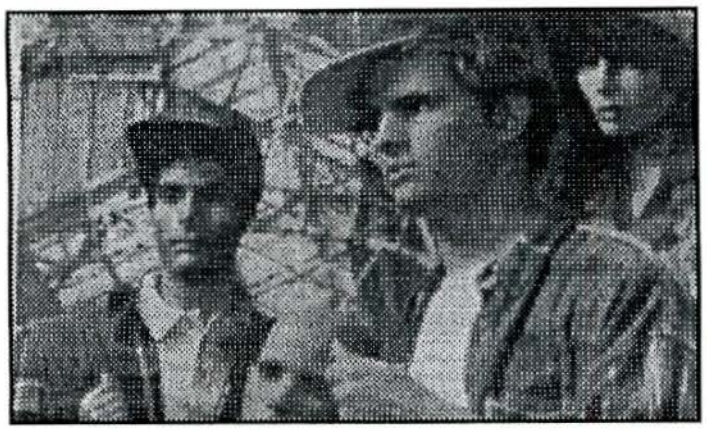
Why You Shouldn't See It:

• Kevin Costner is the star. • It's the most expensive movie ever made. •Kevin Costner is an asshole. • For 34 more legitmate reasons, see "Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity" in **HITCH** 1.

Why You Should:

• I f it sinks (and probably will), Costner's career could conceivably come to a much sooner end. • From the trailer, looks as though Jeanne Tripplehorn (*Basic Instinct*) will be naked.

—Rod Lott



the mentos FAQ

By Heath Doerr

Section 1: Commercial Synopsis

1. *The Broken Shoe* (or *High Heel Treachery*) A sassy young lady sashays past an open-air French-style cafe, gaining the attention of a business man, and at the same time, interrupting his newspaper enjoyment. As she glides past, a footwear malfunction occurs, leaving her sans one heel. She reaches for her secret freshness inducer, Mentos. After administering a piece of the magic elixir of nuttiness, she breaks off the remaining spike, proclaiming to the world her resourcefulness and endless freshness. The man in the cafe is undoubtedly impressed.

2. *The Fake Photographer* (or *Those Crazy Kids I*) A young lad and his pals file through a mob of fanatics and paparazzi, in order to get a closer look at their favorite star. However, their adventure takes them over the legal boundaries of said activity, which is then pointed out to them by the authorities. After a bit of contemplation and a hearty dose of freshness *a la* Mentos, our hero cunningly disguises himself as a member of the media and breaks through the defenses of the establishment.

3. *The Airport Tram Ride* (or *Baggage Claim Blues*) A young woman finds herself in a bit of a pinch, as she discovers that she has packed too much, and her bags are a most bothersome burden. But she has no fear, for it is a burden which is not insurmountable, especially with Mentos on her side. She unsheathes her glimmering blue tube of freshness and holds it out stretched, like the mighty Excalibur, and although shortening it by 1/14, this weapon has not lost its power. She consumes the pellet of perkiness, and decrees that she and only she shall be the one to ride the baggage cart, and all the other most unfresh patrons of the airport shall bear the full weight of their baggage. Her friends cheer and dream of one day achieving a freshness such as hers.

4. *The Car Movers* (or *Overalls and Mentos*) Only an unfresh person would park his car in such a way as to make his fellow motorist unable to go about her merry way, but that's just what our heroine is faced with in this episode of the Mentos saga. After an exchange of dirty looks and communication of the parkee's need for promptness, the young girl contemplates her dilemma with the aid of a freshmaker. She has a revelation and summons what looks to be the Pittsburgh Steelers offensive line from a construction site across the way. With surprisingly little convincing, the barbarians lift her Fiat into the road, and as she thanks them, she glances in the way of her nemesis, only to add an exclamation point to her freshness.

5. *Evading Mom* (or *Psycho Mutant Killer Mom*) While enjoying a pleasant afternoon at the mall, a teen and his companions suddenly spot one of their mothers. She raises her umbrella, signifying that she has acquired her target, and means to move in for the kill. Quickly searching his person, the teen removes from his pocket the only thing to help him out of this bind, Mentos. Thinking quickly — and now sporting fresh, clean breath — he seizes a baseball cap from a nearby mannequin. The perfect disguise! Placing it on his head in a diagonal pattern, he strikes a pose and avoids his pursuer. She spots him again, but this time only after entering the escalator. Knowing she has been vanquished, Mom shakes her weapon yet again, all the while thinking, 'My son is sooo fresh!'

6. *Through the Car* (or *The Three-Second Car Jacking*) There is little peace in the land of Mentos, as yet another teen is faced with a distressing problem. While crossing the street, he is separated from his friends — and nearly from his legs — by an over-anxious motorist. Finding himself needing to traverse the street, but without a normal means to do so, he again thanks his lucky stars he remembered the freshmaker. His supply is reduced by one, but his freshness is increased exponentially. Opening the rear door, he climbs through the auto, while the driver looks over his shoulder in astonishment. Upon exiting, the youth shrugs at the motorist, Mentos in hand. Although a bit shaken, the passenger acknowledges the care free youths with an approving glance as he speeds away. "Wait 'til the wife hears of my brush with freshness!"

7. *The Backstage Crew* (or *Those Crazy Kids II*) In the final episode, once again the establishment has prevented some teens from achieving their goal. At the backstage door to a rock concert, our friends are star struck and must find a way backstage to meet their idols, demonstrate their freshness and enjoy each others' minty-clean breath. Musical paraphernalia is being unloaded, and with the aid of a bandana, one teen slips through the line undetected. At the last moment, a security guard spots him, but instead of pouncing on him and beating him to a bloody mess with his nightstick, he lets him go showing an expression that could only mean one thing: "Those crazy kids!" Bravo!

Commercial History, Origin and Explanation

First an explanation: Jan Setje-Eilers tells us that the characters of *Psycho Mutant Killer Mom* are actors from a sitcom taking place in Northern Germany. The mother (incidentally, whose last name is "Teufel," which means "devil" in German) is a crazy character in the show, and one who would be avoided normally. Anyone who has seen the sitcom (i.e. Germans) would understand this, but the American audience is understandably confused.

So one would normally conclude that these spots were all shot in Germany, thus clearing up our national origin questions, right? Wrong.

According to Chad Jones, *High Heel Treachery* was filmed on the Third Street

Promenade, a shopping district in Santa Monica, CA. Also, *The Three-Second Car Jacking* was filmed in downtown Los Angeles. Joseph Hernandez says one of the buildings in the background is the First Interstate Bank Building.

And if that's not good enough for you, Andy Brooks argues that some spots had to have been shot in California, or at least in the United States, as nowhere else in the world can you find the "Walk/Don't Walk" blinking sign that is depicted in *The Three-Second Car Jacking*. Also, Germany doesn't have the yellow center lines running down the middle of the streets (over there, they are white). Finally, lights don't go from green directly to red. They are initially green, then are followed briefly by yellow, and then red. It certainly doesn't seem like there is any blatant insert editing or post-production work involved here; all the shots look as if they took place on the same street corner.

So we can honestly conclude that the Mentos commercials are without a doubt, multinational.

As a final note on this subject, it was previously believed that the Mentos commercials were aired in English throughout the world. That is true, except for Russia! Steven Grimm informed me that while staying there last year, he was surprised to hear the relentlessly upbeat Mentos theme music pouring out from the TV in the room across the hall. Listening closely, he determined that the lyrics were all in Russian. He was, to his utter dismay, too slow to reach the TV in time to see which ad it was.

Jingle Lyrics

"Doo doo doo, doo-doo, do-Wah!

It doesn't matter what comes, fresh goes better in life, and Mentos is fresh and full of life.

Nothing gets to you, staying fresh staying cool, with Mentos, fresh and full of life.

Fresh goes better, Mentos freshness, fresh goes better, with Mentos, fresh and full of life!

Mentos, the freshmaker!"

Section 2:
The Candies

The candies themselves come in five varieties: "Mint," "Mixed Fruit," "Cinnamon," "Strawberry" and "Spearmint." Taste and color are drastically different between them, but in every other way, they are quite similar.

The shape of a Mentos candy is disk-like, with an ellipsical bulge in the middle. (It has been suggested that they are "lenticular," meaning "lentil-shaped.") They measure 3/4" in diameter and, at their largest point, 6/16" tall. Net weight is re-ported as 1.3 oz./37.5 g., but this was im-possible to confirm at the time of this writing.

Coloring of the Mint candies is a chalky light hue, that extends throughout the entire candy. The fruit variety contains three colors: purple (grape), yellow (lemon) and orange (orange). Cinnamon and Strawberry have a reddish/pinkish hue, with Cinnamon being the darker of the two. Spearmint Mentos have a light-greenish coloration and, like all Mentos, possess a chalk-like consistency.

The Mint flavor variety unsurprisingly tastes like peppermint, and could be considered to possess a breath-freshening function, as well as a cool, menthol-like aftertaste. Mixed Fruit has none of these properties, but are instead quite sweet. The differences between the flavors contained in a Mixed Fruit package are small. Color seems to be the only real distinguishable quality. Strawberry are also sweet, but contain a light and unmistakable strawberry flavor. Cinnamon do indeed taste like cinnamon, possessing a semi-cinnamon burn feeling often found in strong cinnamon gum. Spearmint are closely related to Mint, and are lucky enough to serve as a breath freshener as well.

Mentos' texture is not uniform. The candies have a thin, crunchy shell and, when chewed, disintegrate into a gum-like consistency. If appropriate, they then release their breath-freshening characteristics.

Packaging

Mentos candies come in cylinder-shaped rolls, with 14 included in each roll. The label consists of "mentos" written in block letters, covering approximately 2/3 of the roll lengthwise. Next to this logo is the flavor identification (i.e. "Mint" or "Mixed Fruit"), although flavor identification can be more readily obtained from the background coloring of the label. Mint has a misty, bluish-white photograph of many Mentos scattered about, while Mixed Fruit has a more colorful representation of the same shapes, including purple, orange, and yellow disks. Cinnamon wrappers are similar, but are colored in a deep blood red. Strawberry wrappers are a lighter, almost orangey, red. Spearmint follows Mint's lead with a clouded hue, this time more green than blue.

It is important to note that the colors displayed on the package are actually much more vibrant and deep than that of the actual product. Do not be misled, though: All Mentos have a very light hue to them, no matter what the flavor.

Ingredients

Mint: sugar, glucose syrup, hydrogenated coconut oil, gelatin, dextrin, natural flavor, corn starch, gum arabic.

Mixed Fruit: sugar, glucose syrup, hydrogenated coconut oil, gelatin, dextrin, natural and artificial flavor, gum arabic, coloring.

Strawberry: sugar, glucose syrup, hydrogenated coconut oil, citric acid, gelatin, dextrin, corn starch, artificial flavor, gum arabic, coloring.

Cinnamon: sugar, glucose syrup, hydrogenated coconut oil, gelatin, dextrin, corn starch, cinnamon, natural and artificial flavors, salt, gum arabic, artificial colors (yellow 5, red 3, blue 2).

Spearmint: sugar, glucose syrup, hydrogenated coconut oil, gelatin, dextrin, natural flavors, corn starch, gum arabic, artificial color (blue 2).

For nutritional information, you can write to: Nutritional Data, P.O. Box 18190, Erlanger, KY 41018.

Manufacturer

Mentos are made by Van Melle, Inc. and manufactured for Van Melle by: Van Melle, Breda / Holland. In Australia, they are imported by: Stuart Alexander & Co. Pty. Ltd., 62 Rosebery Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W. 2018 Australia. Van Melle's corporate headquarters: Van Melle, Inc. Erlanger, KY 41018.

Mentos Imitations

The Anti-Mento is made by Lance candies. They are called "Mint Chews," "Fruit Chews," "Cinnamon Chews," etc. They are sold in rolls of 11 candies of approximately the same size, shape and weight as the true confection. Mint Chews, made in Holland for Lance Inc., list exactly the same ingredients as Mint Mentos.

For their nutritional information, you can write to: Nutritional Data, P.O. Box 32368, Charlotte, NC 28232.

But they are not sufficiently fresh, nor full of life, to make such an inquiry worthwhile.

Section 3:
Abbreviations
FAFOL = fresh and full of life

Section 4:
Miscellaneous Items

✔ According to Paulo A. Pereira, there is a sale on Mentos at the CVS in Porter Square in Cambridge, MA as this is being written. Be fresh and save a bundle!

✔ Mentos are $0.54 at the Purdue Student Union.

✔ I am currently negotiating with the psychology department here at Purdue, in an attempt to obtain a research grant for the purposes of studying what I have termed "the freshness effect" caused by consuming Mentos brand candies. Although there seems to be no mind-altering substances contained in Mentos, individuals suddenly become aroused and inventive, and lose all regard for the norms of society a short time after using them. I've asked for $23,729.

✔ According to Jeffrey F. Brent, Mentos also come in "Licorice" or "Lakrits" flavor. Some Danish friends apparently possessed these beauties, and as far as I know, the states have not been graced with them. They had a white shell and a black center. A black wrapper shielded them from the elements, and they — you guessed it — tasted like Licorice. Jeff also claims to be working on a Macintosh arcade-style game called "Mentos® in the Hands of Torgo™" Be afraid. Be very afraid.

✔ Flash! There exists yet another Mentos flavor. Andrea found "Tropical" Mentos while vacationing in Jamaica. The candies come in orange, lime green and lavender varieties, and taste like orange, guava and something indiscernible, she writes. The packaging, like Mixed Fruit, has a picture of the various colors found inside. One last interesting note: The ingredients were printed in Greek as well as English.

✔ Tim Verry has confessed interest in hammering out the details of "the freshness defense" for criminal acts committed while under the influence of Mentos. Good luck, Tim. (Say, isn't that a roll of Spearmint in that white Bronco over there?)

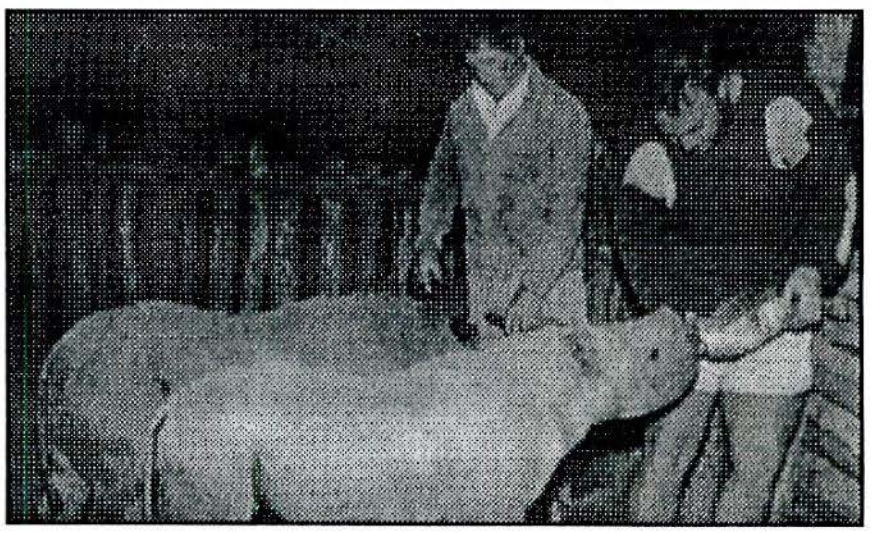
✔ The license plate number of the car in *The Car Movers* is "DH-L 64 12" and the teen that evades Mom does so by donning a New York Yankees cap.

✔ In a recent article in *Advertising Age*, Bruce Kasrel read that Mentos advertising spending rose 34% from last year to $11.9 million. Sales have increased from $20 million in 1991 to about $40 million today. We could be in for some more Mentos-enlightened teens solving the most perplexing of situations in the near future.

✔ At the "Steak and Shake" on Highway 52 here in Lafayette, they have a candy machine that dispenses Mentos. The flavor was Mixed Fruit, although I know this from my own experience, due to the fact that the dispenser simply read "MENTOS." It charged 25 cents, and when I turned the crank I got seven candies, but your mileage may vary.

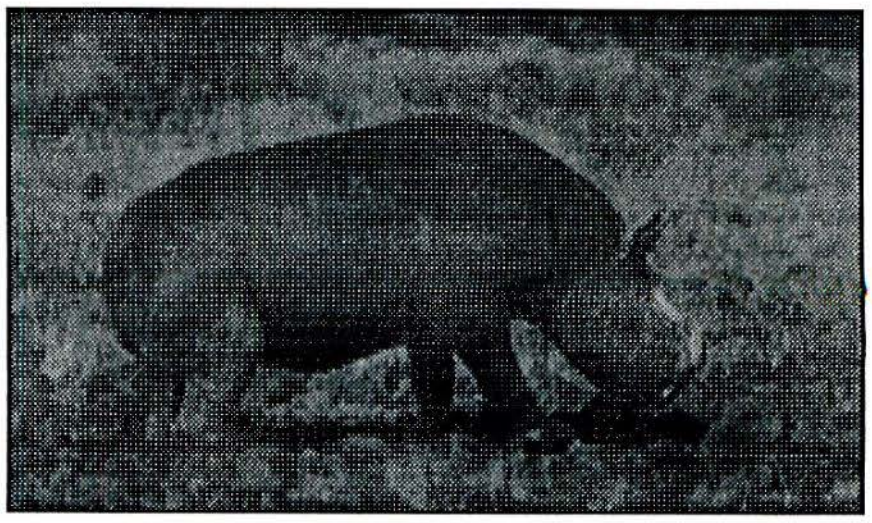
Rhino FUN Page

Compiled by Steve Hunt



Sam Jones and his brother Abe feed rhinos.

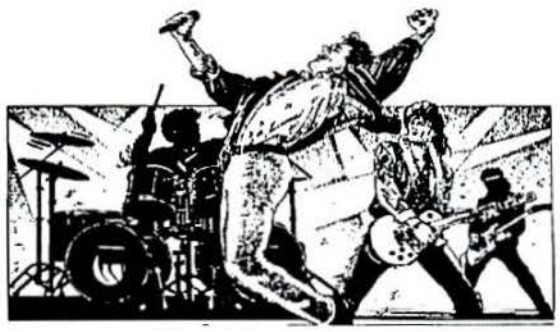
Todd and Lance, two domesticated rhinos that live in Peoria, have been known to have a penchant for their owner's famous chocolate pudding.



"Yipes!" said this rhino. "I am lost!" Rhinos often get lost when they are in unfamiliar settings.

We Were There

Concert reviews by Joe Rogers and Rod Lott



Ani DiFranco
Commodore Ballroom,
Vancouver, Canada
Jan. 13, 1995

Never heard of her? Never seen her stuff in record stores? Neither had I until I moved up to Vancouver. A friend of ours at the university introduced us to Ani's music, and I couldn't help but wonder just *how* it was that I considered myself to be a knowledgeable guy about music, yet still hadn't ever discovered this Buffalo, New York native's highly original, dynamically energetic, down-to-earth, straightforward, no-nonsense music.

Probably because Ani isn't signed to a "major" record company and, judging by the quality of her six albums, I figure it may be a choice of her own. Possibly. I mean, maybe she didn't want to sell out to the Devil and sign away her creative liberty (and yes, she does take liberties) to a major manufacturer. Which, I suppose, is good. Warner Brothers hasn't forced her to do anything she would want to do (like, say, tone down her approach) and she's managed to keep control over her music. It's just unfortunate that the smaller companies like Righteous Babe Records haven't got the ability to introduce her music to all that many places. Sure, I reckon you could find her stuff in New York or Los Angeles, but *Oklahoma*? Chances are you can forget it.

The two Ani DiFranco albums I've heard so far are incredible, comprised entirely of original music and every bit as charged as her live performances. Ani's lyrical matter is tangible, real, everyday and spoken from a female point-of-view. For example, some of the topics she addresses are being hassled by everyone from state troopers to horny, lonely, pick-up-truck-drivin' men for being an oddball, funny-clothes-wearin', nose-ringed female ("Every State Line"); going ahead and being attracted to people she's attracted to, regardless of color, sex or race (*"He says 'Call me, Miss DiFranco, if there's anything I can do / I said, 'It's Mr. DiFranco to you.' "*); and the troubles of the modern, period-plagued woman working as a peon for an uptown firm ("Blood in the Boardroom").

These are *her* songs, *her* values, *her* ideals, and she doesn't compromise them a bit for her audience. If you like and can relate, great. If you hate it, find it obscene, find it annoying, find *her* annoying or whatever, well, as Ani says in one of her songs, "Fuck you very much." And she is inspiring in that way: telling us to hold fast to our own values and ideals and not try to be everyone's buddy.

"These are not my laws / These are not my rules," she sings of the "real" world, and perhaps we'd all be happier if we could join her in "Fuck you-ing" the accepted standards of society. Now, don't get it in your head that Ani DiFranco is a tough-yet-whiny adolescent voice, the likes of which repeatedly nauseate us on MTV and FM radio. Wrong. I could say the whole of the above about Bob Dylan or Keith Richards, too, and I certainly wouldn't call Bob or Keith whiny and adolescent. A bit fazed, perhaps, but certainly not whiny.

Every song she played at the Commodore was fucking great. So I couldn't tell you which albums I'd recommend getting; I myself plan on getting 'em all. I would, however, recommend getting at least one of them and hearing this music for yourself. Trust me on this one.

Ani DiFranco sings and plays acoustic guitar, and that's pretty much what her albums consist of. Occasionally, there may be a backup singer or an accompanying *something*, but there isn't any band. It's just her singing and playing her music, and it's as bipolar from the stereotypical images of Joni Mitchell and Joan Baez as Newt Gingrich is from Mother Teresa. After listening a while to those two CDs, I finally discovered what she did to get such unique sounds and chord structures from that guitar: She employs numerous alternate tunings.

What this means is that the strings are tuned differently than the standard Mitchell / Baez / Bach arrangement, yielding new sounds and new harmonies. (A more obvious example of a guy who frequently uses alternate tunings is Keith Richards. You know all those great Stones songs — "Start Me Up," "Brown Sugar," "Honky Tonk Women?" Those get their unique "Stones" sound from Keith's use of "open G" tuning. It also helps that Keith plays while constantly intoxicated; in one interview, the ever-so-poignant Richards said that to play in open G, "all you need is three fingers and one asshole.") I haven't exactly managed to figure out what Ani's tunings *are*, and it doesn't really matter, I guess; they simply give her tunes an original, unique feel, and it's nothing like that of the Stones.

And the live performance itself? Holy balls, it was good! The Commodore Ballroom is the big, old ballroom that's been transformed into a venue for artists who can't yet fill arenas, and it's really great. Equipped with a true-to-life, enormous ballroom dance floor complete with the below-the-tiles springs and stocked bars at three locations, one can hear a concert seated at a table over bourbon (am I giving away too much of my night here?) or dancing, most of which consists of the old "up / down, up / down" mosh effect that caused Ani's microphone to sway to and fro throughout the night. Joined more often than not by Andy Stochansky playing drums (or congas) and singing backup, Ani put on a fantastic show. Her inability to stand still while playing, her wonderful support from Stochansky's tap-tap-tapping and her monstrous energy, the likes of which I've never seen in a concert hall, contributed to create an excellent evening.

I'd like to inform you of the rest of the upcoming dates on her small tour, which travels across Canada, down to the Southeast United States and up to New York state through February and the start of March, but this **HITCH** thing won't come out in time for it to make a difference. Besides, she doesn't seem to be making it into the interior of the United States — hell, she never makes it off the Atlantic coast — and most of you out there won't get a chance to see her in the near future. Musicians have to play where people will come out and hear them, and unfortunately, that's not for [illegible] whole hell of a lot of you.

So here I am, writing a concert [illegible] review for Ani DiFranco at the same time. So be it; there's not much I'd write a raving review for, and much less a plug for,

but here it is. This woman's talent is just so damn deserving of an audience.

Ani DiFranco's albums available by mail from Righteous Babe Records are: *Out of Range* (1994), *Like I Said* (1993), *Puddle Dive* (1993), *Imperfectly* (1992), *Not So Soft* (1991) and *Ani DiFranco* (1990). All titles are available for $10 a cassette and $15 a CD (add $1 per item for postage and handling; New York state residents tack on sales tax of 80 cents a cassette and $1.20 a CD) from Righteous Babe Records, P.O. Box 95, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205.

More info? Wanna place a Visa, MC or AMEX order? Call 1-800-ON HER OWN.

There. That's my plug for the day.

—Joe Rogers

The Village People
Myriad Convention Center,
Oklahoma City, OK
Feb. 3, 1995

They're back! And just to clear up any curiosity on your part: Yep, they're still gay!

Following an uneventful OKC Cavalry basketball game, the Village People took the stage and sent the near-capacity nostalgia-starved crowd into a screaming frenzy. While they still can't play any instruments and their age is showing (the construction worker's building himself quite a little belly), they still deliver.

Exactly what, I'm not certain, but they dove right into "Macho Man" and that seemed to pacify the crowd, who made fun of the troupe for the duration of the show, simultaneous praising and mocking them. Their few other hits — "In the Navy," "Go West" — also were performed in renditions undistinguishable from the album cuts, with "Y.M.C.A." saved for the encore (oh, yeah, like they really weren't gonna come back and sing their most homoerotic hit).

In the hour-long show (10 minutes of which was taken up by the cowboy's sermon on the '70s, kneeling at the temple of Travolta), the People performed two "new" songs: a remake and a medley. The first was "Iko Iko," made beloved by the film *Rain Man*; the latter, "Trash Disco," a hodgepodge of the most recognizable (and thus, annoying) disco faves from years thankfully gone by.

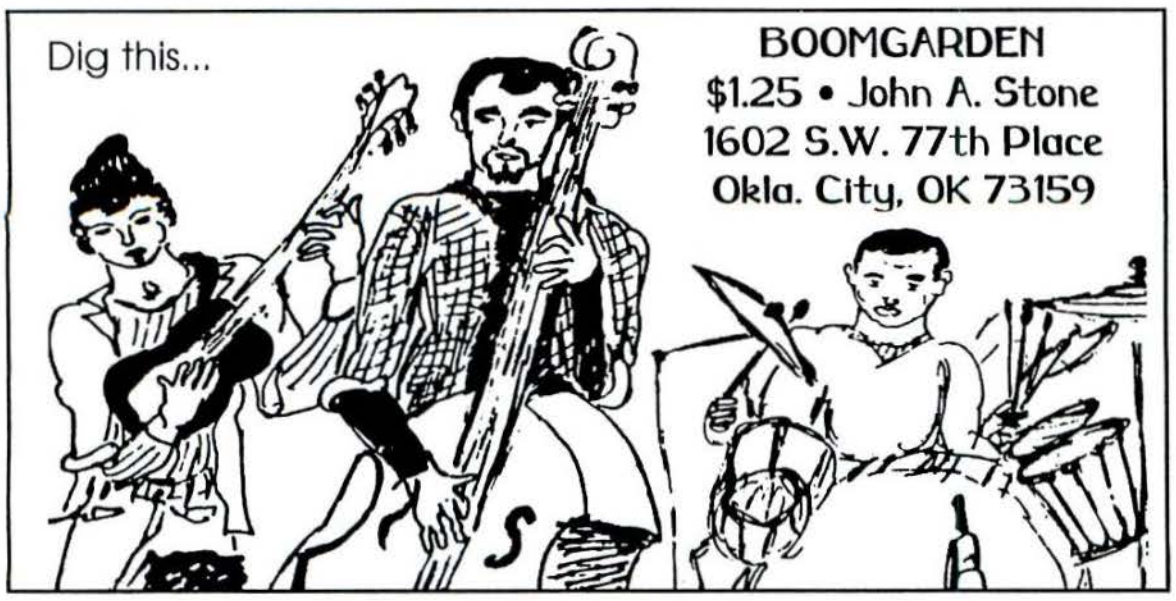
So...uh...which one is your favorite?

The cop (once married to *Cosby Show* matriarch Phylicia Rashad) provided most of the night's vocals, while the military guy pretty much remained silent, though he did change berets halfway through. The construction worker was the most showy of the bunch, what with ripping off his shirt, making humping gestures toward the family-filled crowd and rubbing a bandana under his crotch and throwing into the crowd for one lucky audience member to scoop up and call his very own. I think people laughed at the biker the most. The cowboy doesn't act as gay as the others, but don't you believe it.

Strangely, the Mohawked Indian is named *Felipe*. How many authentic, full-blooded Native Americans do you know named *Felipe*? Why, he should have a true Indian name that reflects his nature and spirit, like Dances with Queens or Acts like Girl.

The highlight came toward the end of "In the Navy," when, instead of flashing signal flags as in the other chorus rounds, yanked out sticks with bras and panties attached to them. They didn't fool a soul.

—Rod Lott

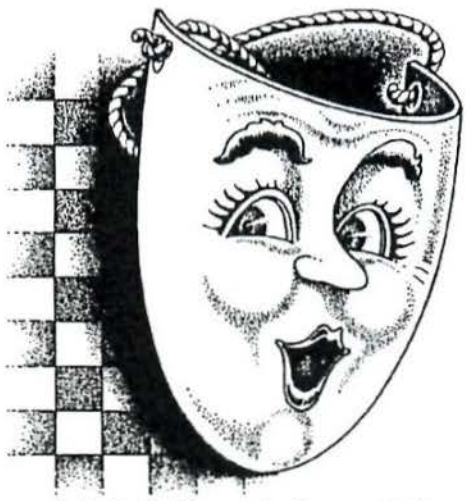


REEL CHEESE

Aaaaaiiiiieeeee!!!

Screaming!

Quite simply and to the point, it's Hollywood's latest sure-fire laff-grabber!

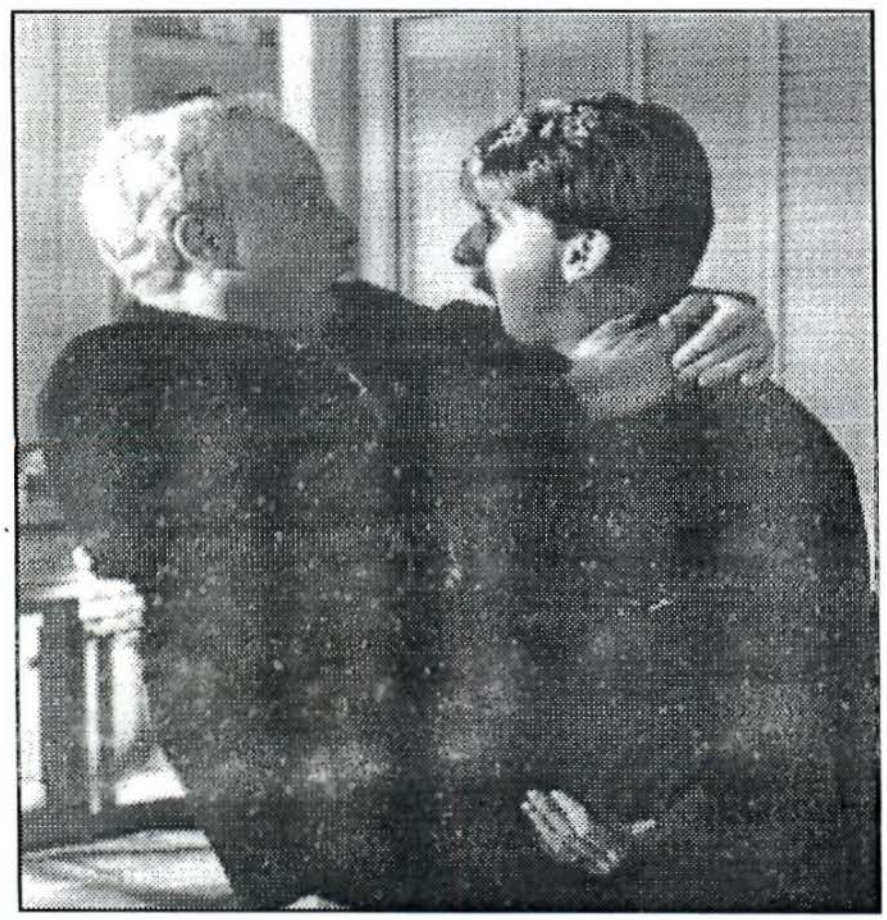


(right) Dan Aykroyd, in *Loose Cannons*, screams.

(below left) Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez, in *Another Stakeout*, scream.

(below right) John Ritter, in *Stay Tuned*, screams.

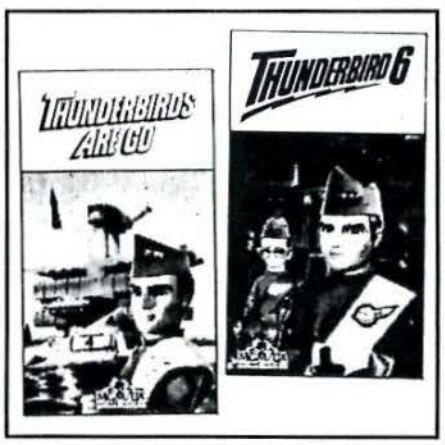
First elected Governor of Puerto Rico.1948



Thunderbirds Are Go!
(1966)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★★☆
Thunderbird 6
(1968)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★★☆

I'm not going to lie to you: Watching Gerry Anderson's *Thunderbirds* on television as a child was very frightening. I could never watch more than 10 minutes because, quite honestly, these lifelike marionettes with bad taste in clothing, horrible body proportioning and what looked like glued-on caterpillars for eyebrows scared the hell out of me.

I find it hard to believe that, thanks to a revamped Fox show, the puppets are popular once more with today's youth; seeing these guys in action was enough to give me nightmares at that age. Not only did they eerily talk like humans, but they also play guitar, hunt lions, shoot pool, smoke cigars, swim and go snow skiing. It doesn't help that they all look like Martin Landau, either, except for the chauffeur (who resembles Burt Young) and the character Brains, whose oversized purple sunglasses make him a dead ringer for Elton John.



Today, they still give me the creeps, but at least I can sit through them now. In the film *Thunderbirds Are Go!*, those Tracy boys of the International Rescue squad go to Mars and fight fire-breathing snakes made out of rock. One of the boys even has a musical dream sequence. Much of the film's running time is given to padded shots of the Thunderbird ships endlessly taking off and flying through the air.

The same thing happens in *Thunderbird 6*, too, in which Papa Tracy commissions Brains to create a sixth Thunderbird ship. During the maiden voyage of a new airship, Lady Penelope is kidnapped by the Black Phantom's men, prompting a lengthy and complex rescue by the Thunderbirds. It struck me funny that in both of these films, the only people that the so-called "International Rescue" team saves are each other! If they just stayed on the ground and neglected to have any adventures, they could save a bundle on time and fuel, and not needlessly risk life and limb.

The sets have been constructed to meticulous detail, which pretty much explains the long, dwindling pans of the camera. They are elaborate, but take up too much time. It's when that whole spooky puppet family comes on screen that things start rollin'.

Thunderbirds Are Go! ends with a real-life marching band playing the Thunderbirds theme, while *Thunderbird 6* briefly introduces a grandmother character who is so withered and evil looking that I almost had to jump behind my couch and hide. No matter how old I may become, I believe these bastards will forever haunt my dreams.

At the Earth's Core
(1976)
Warner Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Doughy, newly dead Doug McClure jumps into an oversized drill machine with Peter Cushing in his wisecracking professor mode. Together, they make their way toward the center of the earth, where they end up stranded in a trippy, *Alice in Wonderland*-type of world.

The pair is promptly captured by alien beings and forced to join their slave team, where McClure gets eyes for fellow minion Caroline Munro. While she is undoubtedly beautiful, I'd bet those slave girls stank to high heaven. When they are confronted by dinosaurs that shoot fireballs out their noses, McClure attempts to prove his love and manliness by throwing rocks in retailiation. (Hey, who wouldn't?) He also saves her from being hypnotized by giant bird creatures, who use their powers to lure young lovelies into a dream-like state so they can swoop down and snatch 'em up.

Based on the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, this film goes on for an eternity.

The Minotaur
(1960)
★★☆☆☆

Like most mythology films, this one cheats by teasing the audience with a girl being confronted by the shadow of the minotaur before the credits, yet the actual beast doesn't show up until the very end!

Good people of the world are thrown into the minotaur's labyrinth by a not-so-nice princess, so mean she puts her good twin sister in there, but she's saved by the hero, who slays the Snuffleupagus-esque monster by sticking a torch in the big fella's eyes.

More minotaur would've made for more movie.

Ghost in the Machine
(1993)
Fox Video
★★★☆☆

Videos reviewed in HITCH receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

Somewhat similar to Wes Craven's *Shocker*, *Ghost in the Machine* was all but ignored during its theatrical release. But unlike most other horror entries with major studio backing, this one isn't half-bad.

Karen Allen stars as a woman who loses her address book at a computer store, where the employee who picks it up happens to be a serial killer who scours address books for his victims. On his way to kill her, he gets in a car wreck. While in an MRI scanner at the hospital, a storm causes a power surge, which somehow causes his soul to be alive, but only through electric currents. Even if it doesn't make much sense, the address book killer makes his way down Allen's pages by channeling himself through the victim's appliances. For instance, he offs the babysitter by exploding the dishwasher. In the niftiest scene, one man's kitchen becomes an entire microwave, causing his face to blister the size of tennis balls.

Though it eventually progresses toward the standard, unexciting showdown, the special effects — including a virtual reality sequence — are excellent. *Ghost in the Machine* could have used a bit more humor, but what is here is by no means a waste of time.

Forbidden Planet
(1956)
MGM/UA Video
★★★★☆

This classic science-fiction film is, in my opinion, probably the best of its genre since before I was born. Reportedly a reworking of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, the film has a group of space travelers (led by then-serious Leslie Nielsen) landing on a remote planet to check on a previous group of colonists since unheard from.

Purposely slow with a disturbing theremin soundtrack, it still looks magnificent and is a whole lot better than the likes of today's *StarGate*.

HOTS 3
(1976)
HQV Video
★★★☆☆

Can words accurately describe the horror that is *HOTS 3*? No. But this comes close: Wearing bell-bottom jeans with iron-on patches, David Hasselhoff plays a guy named "Boner."

In this third entry of a presumed trilogy you probably wouldn't want to view all at once, a quintet of slutty, top-popping cheerleaders reign supreme over the sunny and affluent (yet mired in a morality crisis) Aloha High School, wherein students readily have sex in the halls. The principal — who accidentally bastes a turkey he's cooking with his own urine sample — is contemplating a merger with the local vocational school, where one kid asks the teacher if he may go out in the hall to scratch his balls.

All this upsets the cheerleaders who, following an impromptu dance number at the ice cream parlor (highlighted by Hasselhoff's robotic-style "solo"), hold up the vo-tech tuffies with a weak fire extinguisher and rob them of their drugs. Narcoticless, the teacher gives them her pads (not of the shoulder or legal variety, either).

Said drugs are then dumped into the spaghetti sauce for the next day's lunch at Aloha. The batch gets the entire student body wasted, even prompting one Afroed youth to sniff parmesan cheese! The reason for this cafeteria fiasco is soon made clear: to create a diversion so our HOTS can sex it up in the locker room showers with Hasselhoff and friends in a soap-sudded orgy. Even the eight-months-along pregnant girl strips to get in on the fun!

Warning: If you are not prepared to see Hasselhoff in the buff, life preserver included, have the FF button handy.

But if you did that, you'd miss the second dance sequence — this one on the pavement outside, answering the question, "What would it look like if Robert Wise directed *Screwballs*?" You'd also miss the climatic basketball game, in which Hasselhoff scores the winning point against the vo-techers, after having passed out and be subsequently revived by smelling the panties of one of the HOTS. You'd also miss the the big chase finale, where the HOTS are in hot pursuit of the school nurse through a dinosaur structure (hitting slapsticky, *Laugh-In*-style heights), a cave and a golf course, where the nurse is foiled when she falls into quicksand.

The cheerleaders are rewarded for their good deed with a Hawaiian party with all the students and faculty in tow, so naturally, they strip and dance. You'd miss that, too, as you would the heartwarming, post-credit wrap-up, neatly tying all the loose ends left unraveled by the complicated plot.

T&A movies are not known for their lucidity or cohesiveness, but this flick attempts to make no sense at all. Much of the

dialogue and situations come off like non-sequiturs, but certainly aren't meant to be. Equally as accidental, I'm sure, is one character's pronouncing of "carte blanche" as "cart blaunch."

Though I've no idea what relationship this bears to the original 1979 Danny Bonaduce sorority-vs.-sorority vehicle *H.O.T.S.* or *H.O.T.S. 2* (if there even is one), this thing called *HOTS 3* (aka *Revenge of the Cheerleaders*) is such a cheap, utterly incompetent, thrown-together, truncated and worthless embarrassment that, by comparison, *Porky's* could be mistaken for the work of Jean-Luc Godard.

A guy named Ace Baandage co-wrote the screenplay. The opening credits even claim the whole thing had an editor, but I'm doubting.

In other words, catch it if you can, but don't hold me responsible.

Body Slam
(1987)
New Line Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

About three years too late to cash in on the pro-wrestling craze, this comedic farce by white-trash director Hal Needham (*Smokey and the Bandit*, *The Cannonball Run*) stars *The A-Team*'s Dirk Benedict as a slimy music agent who finally hits it big

promoting wrestling.

Wrestling stars "Rowdy" Rowdy Piper, Captain Lou Albano, the Tonga Kid and the Wild Samoan all have featured roles in an utterly witless, nearly unwatchable comedy that is a stretch to deem funny. But what a cast! In addition to the aforementioned hacks, you get John Astin as a car salesman, Charles Nelson Reilly as a talk-show host, Tanya Roberts in a blue swimsuit and lil' Billy Barty! Even Kellie Martin, the girl from *Life Goes On*, is in it, and she looks to be about 10. With thesps like these, you're primed for a sleaze classic; with Needham at the wheel, however, you get another *Stroker Ace*.

Robot Wars
(1993)
Paramount Home Video
★★☆☆☆

In this sequel of sorts to Stuart Gordon's *Robot Jox*, a jaw-clenching renegade robot pilot named Drake (who looks like Joey Lawrence all grown up) attempts to save the world (or at least his job) when his passenger scorpion robot falls into the hands of an old, but evil, Japanese man who exclaims, "What a fine bunch of coconuts!"

The year is 2014, yet Drake and his mechanic sidekick Stumpy make a toast to Jackie Gleason. Barbara Crampton is on hand to raise doubts about the Japanese guy. The title is a bit misleading, as this is a one-robot film up until the final 10 minutes. As with most of these Full Moon releases, *Robot Wars* is barely able to sustain its premise across its barely-over-an-hour running time.

A theater marquee advertises *Puppet Master 54*, but given the Full Moon philosophy, this is a threat, not a joke.

Night of the Lepus
(1972)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★★★

Abnormal breeding unleashes a whole mess of *really* big and pissed-off rabbits in this gripping tale (no pun intended) that is one of the goofiest giant animal movies ever made.

Out to kill, the rabbits hop around at night down country roads on hilarious miniature sets and even run after trucks. Bony *Star Trek* survivor DeForrest Kelley has a small role, but unfortunately, his life is spared. Janet Leigh and Stuart Whitman are the well-meaning scientists who inadvertently cause the bunnies to grow. They deserve such problems, however, for having given birth to one of cinema's five all-time most annoying children, a little girl who whines and pouts until they give in to her spoiled, petty ways. Janet looks old enough to be her grandmother, and Stuie's mother.

Prepare yourself for endless slo-mo shots of jumpin', scamperin', furry carrot-lovers if you settle down to watch this. The big finale entails lining the townspeople's cars up with their headlights on to attract the bunnies to the railroad track, where they are all electrocuted in graphic detail.

Hilarious.

Gargoyles
(1972)
★★★★☆

They just don't make TV-movies like *this* anymore. Cornell Wilde is a professor researching a book on spooky legends with his shutterbug daughter (*Soap*'s Jennifer Salt). Together, they come face to face with a gang of angry, living, breathing gargoyles in a small, sleepy town.

At first, the film teases us with just showing us shadows. But after one of the green winged things is killed by a semi, the lens is more focused on them than Salt's barely covered bosom. Most of the gargoyle scenes are filmed in slow-motion for no apparent reason. The lead gargoyle, who wants Salt to read to him in some bizarre *Stanley & Iris* twist, is played by black character actor Bernie Casey.

A young 'n' scruffy Scott Glenn is a biker who joins the search party when Salt is kidnapped by the monsters. Blood is spilled and lots of gargoyles learn the meaning of "shotgun blast," so much that I can't believe this was actually shown on network TV. Cheesy right down to its lime-green titles, *Gargoyles* is better than most theatrical horror films today.

Hard Hunted
(1992)
Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video
★★★★☆

Enemy Gold
(1993)
Prism Entertainment
★★★★☆

The tried and true formula of video auteur legend Andy Sidaris is this: Give former *Playboy* Playmates big guns and small bikinis, and let 'em go crazy, ignoring the fact that they can't act worth spit. As the seventh in a series of his films all focusing on a covert team of sexy secret agents, *Hard Hunted* never strays from the formula that made the previous entries so successful. After all, if he'd done otherwise, the series never would have got past #2.

A slimy, foreign rich guy who lives on a boat is trying to get back this glowing green paperweight-type thing that was stolen from him. Trying to stop him are Sidaris' reliable cast: Dona Spier as Donna, Roberta Vasquez as Nicole, Cynthia Brimhall as Edy and a couple of guys, too. They all communicate via not-so-veiled messages on the local radio station, Hawaii's KSXY, manned by a female DJ who likes to do her show from the comfortable confines of the hot tub.

The gals are pursued by a Japanese guy in a stealth helicopter, Donna falls from a helicopter and gets amnesia, Brimhall sings three whole songs badly, comic relief is supplied by two guys named "Wiley" and "Coyote" and Gregory Peck's son Tony gets laid.

With *Enemy Gold*, Andy hands the directorial reins over to his longtime stunt coordinator, son Christian, who remains true to his father's cinematic vision.

Andy serves as executive producer of

Christian's lensed-in-Dallas epic, which begins with a Civil War flashback, the biggest stretch you'll ever find from the Sidaris team. The plot has a team of secret agents — comprised of two tanned muscle-men and the blonde Suzi Simpson as Becky Midnight, who finds several excuses to take showers over the course of the film — stumbling upon buried treasure. Also wanting the booty (gold, that is, not Simpson) is a slimy, Spanish strip-club owner. To aid him, he enlists the help of the Amazonian, large-booted Jewel Panther (played by Julie Strain), as adept at fireside ninja demonstrations as she is at shooting park rangers with flare guns.

Alleged Charles Robb plaything Tai Collins appears as the agent's boss, although you wouldn't know it from the first half of the film, in which she either lounges around in the sauna or on her bed.

It is hard to determine which of the three female characters is the worst actress, so I won't even attempt to do so. They read their lines so bad that the cliches come off even worse than normal. Of the many cliches included is the time-worn "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Flowing readily from Christian's witty pen are exchanges such as this, in which male lead Chris Cannon (Bruce Penhall) discusses the agents' newest weapon of defense: crossbow arrows with tips that "explode three seconds following penetration."

"Like old boyfriends," Simpson replies.

Right. Though feeble-minded, *Enemy Gold* is chock full of those magical Sidaris touches that makes watching the film worthwhile; if it's not the arrow-cam, it's the scene where one of the baddies gets killed by a tree.

Yes, a tree.

Red Sonja
(1984)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★★☆

Conan the Barbarian
(1982)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

There's guffaws a-plenty in *Red Sonja*, a weak attempt at making a pre-silicone, pre-Stallone Brigitte Nielsen a star. Directed by cheese-meister Richard Fleischer (*Amityville 3-D*), *Red Sonja* is based on the character popularized by Marvel Comics, a crimson-haired, sword-wielding, armor-wearing chick out to avenge the murder of her family by an evil queen (butchy Sandahl Bergman) who keeps a giant spider for a household pet.

This evil queen has stolen a precious and powerful heirloom that only women can safely touch. To aid Sonja in her quest for bloodthirsty revenge is Arnold Schwarzenegger, who, although playing his character *exactly* like he does Conan, is not Conan. Tagging along are a precocious, young kung-fu king (Ernie Reyes, Jr.) — whom I wanted to see die a gruesome, drawn-out death — and his fat adult servant.

Sonja and not-Conan grow to like each other, but Sonja says she won't bed down with any man that can't beat her in a fight. So the two begin to duke it out in a painfully long sequence of staggeringly obvious choreographed swordplay.

Although Sonja has the best line when she tells an enemy, "I can smell you from a thousand paces," the greatest scene is when Sonja and her sandal-clad pals are attacked by a metallic sea dragon and foil him by stabbing out his eyes. Like its male star, *Red Sonja* is big, dumb fun.

However, that fun is nowhere to be found in the *Red* predecessor *Conan the Barbarian*, the big-budget adaptation that sent Arnold on his way toward superstardom. *Conan* starts off very slow, with the young hero witnessing his mother being decaptiated by James Earl Jones. In the days before psychotherapy to shake such an incident, Conan grows up to be a strong man who grunts with every flex of his many muscles.

But what's the point? Director John Milius was out to give Conan the epic treatment, which is the wrong way to go with a pulp hero. The story is dull, the scenarios uninvolving and the pacing excruciating. And no wonder: The damn thing is co-written by Oliver Stone.

Though a drunken Conan does punch out a camel in this outing, the 1984 sequel *Conan the Destroyer* (by Fleischer!) apparently is more on *Red*'s level of weak acting, so it's probably the Conan to see.

The Toxic Avenger
(1986)
Video Treasures
★★★★★

As the film that put the notoriously bad Troma Team on the map, *The Toxic Avenger* is a total gross-out horror-comedy so inept and lowbrow that it stands as required viewing. Having gained a cult following since its release, *The Toxic Avenger* has spawned two sequels, a Saturday morning cartoon and a lucrative line of merchandising.

Melvin is a semi-retarted nerd who works as a janitor at a health club, where he's forever teased by the snooty regulars, who, in their off-time, like to run over kids with their car. One day, using a bikini-clad babe as bait, they dupe Mel-vin into dressing up in a pink tutu. Soon after, he falls out the window into a vat of toxic waste.

Though hideously burned and disfigured, he becomes a superhero and sets out to clean up the crime-ridden Tromaville. In several slapsticky sequences, he pokes a guy's eyes out, makes one wet his pants, rips a guy's arm off, tries to make a milkshake in a guy's mouth, puts one guy's hands into a deep fryer and smashes a guy's head in a weight machine. He also sticks an elderly midget lady into a dryer and then steam-presses her. No matter what the mode of revenge, he always leaves a tell-tale mop as his calling card.

The whole thing purposely plays like a cartoon, because otherwise, it wouldn't work. Melvin even finds love with a blind girl whose dog is shot during a holdup at a taco restaurant. Bad jokes are made at the expense of the blind girl, as well as fat guys, gays and bimbos. It's horribly stupid, but very funny.

The two men who created Troma are directly responsible for committing the Toxie legacy to celluloid. Their directorial style, by the way, is reminiscent of a Canon Sure-Shot camera: Just aim and shoot.

Class of Nuke 'Em High Part 2: Subhumanoid Meltdown
(1991)
Video Treasures
★★☆☆☆

"Unrestrained insanity" is an apt phrase to apply to this sequel to Troma's original *Class of Nuke 'Em High*, although this actually takes place not in high school, but at the Tromaville Junior College. The surpris-

ingly likable and affable Brick Bronsky (really) is Roger, a muscled-up all-around nice guy reporter for the school paper. He's just about the only normal one around, too; his classmates are, thanks to toxic waste leakage as recounted in the film's extensive prologue, subhumanoids, which basically means they each have an extra mouth on their tummy.

Roger goes ga-ga for the ditzy Victoria, who, unbeknowst to him, is a subhumanoid. In between this romance, we're treated to the exploits of a beehived, cleavage-showing, subhumanoid-creating professor; a basketball star who melts on court; an animated bulimic dolphin; bikinied co-eds being chased by grade-schoolers on roller blades; the floating head Greenie the Weenie Monster; and the attack of Tromie, the 30-foot atomic squirrel. In other words, general chaos.

Subhumaoid Meltdown plays like a series of sketches rather than a unified story, and it works to its advantage, resulting in the ultimate in goofiness. I find this hard to write, but it's actually even charming. Written by six people, full of in-jokes and great lines — like Roger's "Even though Victoria was a subhumanoid, it could not stop my love for her" — this film comes with a music video for its catchy theme song that could *never* be shown on MTV. Coming soon is *The Good, the Bad and the Subhumanoid: Nuke 'Em High 3*, with Bronsky reprising his lead role, thankfully, as well as playing three others.

Night Gallery
(1969)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★☆

Created by all-around cool guy Rod Serling, *Night Gallery* was an anthology series that ran for a few years on TV, no different than *The Twilight Zone* really, except that it was in color. The pilot film is comprised of three stories, all about greedy, selfish, egocentric people.

In one of his first jobs, Steven Spielberg directs the middle segment, about a withered old bitch (Joan Crawford, not acting) who's blind and jostles whiny Tom Bosley into agreeing to sell her his eyes, although the experimental surgery guarantees she will have only a mere 12 hours of sight. As soon as she unwraps the bandages, New York City suffers a full-scale blackout. *Ha-ha!*

Richard Kiley plays a mean old Nazi war criminal who spends his post-war days just wanting to fish, being drawn to a strange painting at his local art museum. This story, the final one, is the weakest and very slow-paced, but redeems itself at the end with a masterful payoff that is vintage Serling.

The best segment is the first, a tale of a greedy nephew (Roddy McDowall) who kills off his uncle to prematurely earn his inheritance, only to notice something very peculiar that inches him toward madness. Of all *Night Gallery*'s segments, this is the one that generates genuine creepiness.

Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter
(1974)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

One of the Hammer studio's most popular films, *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter*, never quite lives up to its potential, as hinted at by the title. Kronos is a shaggy-haired swashbuckling type who rolls into town and stumbles upon a series of mysterious murders in which local lovelies are drained of their blood. With the help of some old guy and the always enchanting Caroline Munro, he seeks to destroy them and save the day.

After an hour or so of somewhat sluggish scenarios, it picks up at the end for the exciting and climatic showdown that pits vampire against vampire hunter. Often too short on visuals at times when they should be strong, the film is directed by *Avengers* writer Brian Clemens, who made this a little too arty than it needed to be.

Phase IV
(1974)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy investigate a barren land ruled by a colony of very intelligent ants in this slow and strange film by title designer Saul Bass. While sparing us pages of dialogue, Bass delivers on the visuals. The numerous and lengthy close-ups of the ants crawling around and about make it clear that he's a gifted director.

Unfortunately, it has the pacing of real ants, too. To make matters worse, it all bogs down to a big ending that tries to emulate the star-child conclusion of *2001*, but instead of exclaiming "Wow!," you'll likely go "Huh?"

Superman IV: The Quest for Peace
(1987)
Warner Home Video
★★★★☆

Although a marked improvement over *Superman III*, which was just a vehicle for Richard Pryor, the fourth and (thus far) final big-screen adventure for Superman suffers from a low budget courtesy of Cannon's Golan and Globus, who took over (and promptly killed) Alexander Salkind's franchise.

Still likable as ever, Christopher Reeve (who gets story credit) is called upon a youngster to rid the world of nuclear arms. He does just that, as well as speak Russian *and* Italian. In retaliation, Lex Luthor, the greatest criminal mind of our time (Gene Hackman) somehow creates Nuclear Man, a Fabio-esque villain who feeds on solar power and is able to hurt Superman to the point that, at home afterwards licking his wounds, he looks like he's just gone through chemotherapy. The two caped chaps end up taking their truncated battle to the moon. Nuclear Man warns Supe that he means business by yelling, *"Do as I say or I will hurt people!"*

Superman IV verges on becoming too preachy and PC at times, especially when Superman addresses the UN and, following a runaway subway mishap, he blocks authorities from assisting passengers until he can tell them, "I want the people of Metropolis to know that our city's subway system is still the safest and most reliable form of transportation."

Most of the regulars are back, though Perry White (Jackie Cooper) looks emaciated. Jon Cryer is an utter annoyance as Luthor's surfer-dude nephew. Mariel Hemingway steps in to romance Clark Kent, and does so unconvincingly because she can't read a single line with emotion. Sidney J. Furie directs, proving he's no Richard Donner...or Richard Lester. The Wal-

Mart effects are what really keep this one from flying. Unlike the technical triumphs of the first three films, this one relies heavily on blue screens, but doesn't bother to make them look smooth, in typical Cannon tradition.

Historical note: In the scene where Nuclear Man sets out to demolish the Great Wall of China, Superman saves the series' first lesbian.

National Lampoon's Last Resort
(1994)
Vidmark Entertainment
★☆☆☆☆

It's a mystery why the National Lampoon name is affixed to this piece of crap; they usually make films that make fun of films like this, a straight-to-video abomination starring the devil-children Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

Those two wash-ups are working at a fast-food joint and get evicted when they somehow "warp" onto Feldman's uncle's island, where they become scuba instructors. They also protect the island from being taken from Feldman's pirate uncle, Geoffrey Lewis. Haim shows the world he's grown up and is ready to be taken seriously as an actor by flying through the air and landing in a woman's surgically enhanced bosom, causing him to be doused in silicone.

Directed with all the flair of a *Saved by the Bell* episode, it yields not one laugh. This is the kind of film that needs serious funny lessons; its idea of a great gag is showing the two Coreys talking to each other on the phone, then cutting to a wide shot that shows them sitting on the same couch.

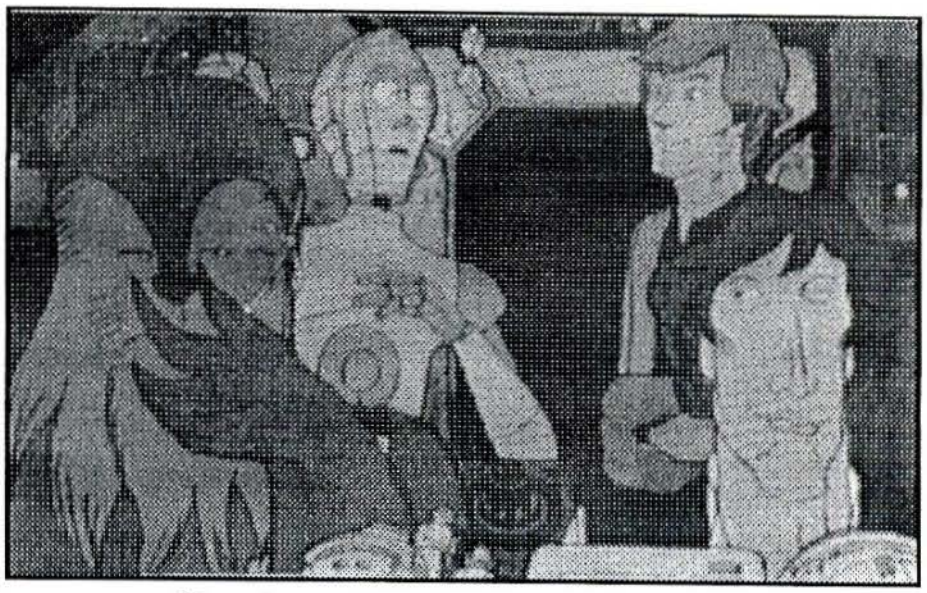
Whereas my idea of hilarity would entail both Coreys getting killed in some form or another.

Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story
(198?)
bootleg
★★★☆☆

I'd been waiting for years to see this hard-to-locate tape, an under-an-hour wonder depicting the tragic life of bulimic singer Karen Carpenter, whose days were filled just as much with sappy melodies as laxatives. Director Todd Haynes (*Poison*) gives the whole thing a unique and creepy spin by using Barbie dolls instead of actors.

Surprisingly, Haynes never makes fun of Carpenter; his film even tries to seriously explain bulimia and anorexia in a scientific light.

The reason this is not readily available is because Haynes uses many actual Carpenters tunes throughout, and didn't get Richard Carpenter's permission. Richard is upset over the movie, so there's not a chance in hell he'll ever give in.



Chewbacca's expression says it all.

While *Superstar* is good, it's a tad too disturbing to be considered truly enjoyable. It does, however, leave you with an impression more affecting than any lame network TV biopic could ever project.

The Mask
(1994)
New Line Home Video
★★★★☆

It is truly an amazing feat that this movie is as good as it is, considering that hammy Jim Carrey — the next Jerry Lewis — is its star. Carrey stars as a shy, timid banker who becomes a suave, green-faced superhero after finding a mysterious wooden mask.

Whenever he puts on the mask, the movie does wonders with ground-breaking special effects out to resemble a Tex Avery cartoon.

Thankfully, the heavy focus on the effects forces Carrey not to be such the uncontrollable, non-funny suck he is. The stuff he usually pulls is the kind of crap that school cafeteria hi-jinks are made of, i.e. stupid. Here, he's really not allowed to do that.

Praise God.

I don't believe Carrey is to credit for this film's success, either. Just about anyone could have played his role. Besides, Peter Riegert gets more laughs with his straight-faced turn as the cop, but the best actor in the film is, by far, Milo the dog.

The Star Wars Holiday Special
(1978)
bootleg
★★☆☆☆

George Lucas may have shepherded the classic *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* trilogies, but he's also responsible for *Howard the Duck*, *Radioland Murders* and this embarrassing TV turkey which, if watched immediately following the first *Star Wars* movie, would readily destroy all the respect and love you have for Luke, Leia and the gang.

This show's first mistake is playing the whole thing for laughs (or attempted laughs) with a supporting cast of has-beens who probably had not even seen *Star Wars* at the time. Harvey Korman does an intergalactic chef bit, Art Carney is the crusty trader who befriends the Wookies and Bea Arthur tends bar at the Cantina, where she sings, thus causing my ears to bleed. Diahann Carroll does a virtual-reality-type dance laced with far too much sexual innuendo that you'd think would be allowed on '70s network TV, while Jefferson Starship — here simply for its name, I'm sure — perform a wretched tune.

While Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Mark Hammill and the robots all turn in "paycheck, please" appearances, the not-so-special special focuses on Chewbacca's wife, dad and son Lumpy, all who worry about the chances of him returning home in time for "Life Day," presumably the Lucasfilm equivalent to Christmas. Much time is wasted with dialogue-free grunt exchanges amongst the three.

This is *really* hard to sit through. None of it is funny, and even the stuff that is

the course of three months to watch all of its two hours. It is that rough.

It's not without a few saving graces, though. An all-too-brief cartoon featuring the gang fighting Boba Fett is fun, and the authentic original commercial with C3PO and R2D2 hawking the Kenner toy line is a real treat, too. The end of the tape is packed with various trailers for *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, and illustrate just how far we've come in the art of the coming attraction.

Tales That Witness Madness
(1973)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★☆

A little-known, yet very good, horror anthology directed by *Crypt*man Freddie Francis, *Tales That Witness Madness* tells four stories of ordinary people losing their minds, and the wraparound story, for a change, isn't dumb, either.

The late Donald Pleasance is a psychiatrist introducing a colleague to each of his four patients confined in a mental institution. The first is a child who has a tiger for an imaginary friend. His parents didn't believe him. Though predictable, the conclusion is nonetheless satisfying. The second patient is a man who inherits a bicycle from his deceased uncle. The cycle turns out to be a time machine.

Patient number three is a gardening fool who finds a tree in the woods that goes crazy and kills jealous Joan Collins with its thorny branches. The final patient is Kim Novak, who has a taste for human flesh and holds a Hawaiian-style luau in the backyard where she and her pals cook up some people.

Only this final tale wears out its welcome. Although no scares are provoked at any time, *Tales* is every bit as interesting as other anthologies, and possibly even more so.

Dolly Dearest
(1992)
Vidmark Entertainment
★☆☆☆☆

Here's one to avoid: a variation on *Child's Play*, but with female dolls and lensed in Mexico. Pudgy Denise Crosby and her family relocate 'cross the border, only to be terrorized by mean, living dolls.

The photography is as ugly as the homicidial dolls, and its pacing is unbelievably horrid. Sam Bottoms and Rip Torn co-star.

Hercules 2
(1985)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★★★

Even better than the first, which I thought not possible! Lou Ferrigno returns as the mighty Herc, this time out to retrieve Zeus' seven stolen thunderbolts which have been hidden in the bellies of various vicious creatures, including a shaggy dog-type monster, some Swamp Thing-looking people and the Queen of Spiders. Medusa

shows up, too, and Herc cuts her stop-motion animation head clean off.

Once again written and directed by the inimitable Lewis Coates (aka Luigi Cozzi), this cheap epic (aka *The Adventures of Hercules*) is jam-packed with Coates' special brand of cheesiness, which entails numerous voice dubs, video-game sound effects and flat space scenes. You can almost hear him ask, "What do you think, space? Does this look enough like space to you?"

Every time — and I do mean *every* time — Hercules throws a punch, Coates films it in slo-mo, and every time — again, *every* time — one of 'em lands, Coates inserts a couple of frames of solid red and blue for a cartoony "oof" effect.

Ferrigno finds his crowning achievement as an actor when, inside a cave, his character leaps into art-critic mode: "These statues...so real, so lifelike..."

I am truly sorry the series had to end here. Rugs and toupees by Sexy Wigs.

Infra-Man
(1976)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★★★☆

What's an industrialized Asian nation to do when the evil Princess Dragon Mom shows up with a horde of monsters that like to tip over school buses and VWs? Why, have a wise old scientist turn an in-nocent man into a robotic superhero, that's what!

Thus, the thunderball-fisted Infra-Man is born and does battle with Giant Flying Lizard, Driller Beast, Octopus Mutant, Laser Horn Monster, Emperor of Doom, Iron-Fists Robots and Giant Beetle Monster in this very strange, yet supercharged, classic chop-socky flick.

And that's all there is to it, plus the same overused sound effects. While the fight sequences seem to be endless, this is still a lot of fun.

Fantastic Voyage
(1966)
Fox Video
★★★☆☆

With Academy Award-wining effects that look like the work of Lewis Coates today, the classic *Fantastic Voyage* has a great premise — a miniaturized crew is injected into a man's body and has one hour to remove a clot in his brain — but, unfortunately, a very slow pace to match.

It takes a long while before the action gets rolling, but when it does, you've got a good movie. In an early role, Raquel Welch looks good in a wet suit.

Trog
(1970)
Warner Home Video
★★★☆☆

Three stupid British men explore an uncharted cave, only to find it's inhabited by a prehistoric man. One dies, one goes loco and the other shows overaged anthropologist Joan Crawford where to find the hairy, snaggletoothed guy. She unconvincingly shoots him with a dart gun, cages him up, calls him "Trog" and teaches him how to play with wind-up dolls.

I never have understood why Crawford

is considered a Hollywood legend. She is one horrible actress, especially in the scene in which she interrogates the loco man about seeing Trog: "Did it walk or crawl? Did it make sounds? And if so, were they human sounds?"

Targets
(1969)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★★

Peter Bogdanovich's first film, even though it's a low-budget Corman deal, is, in my opinion, much better than *The Last Picture Show*, which many consider to be his masterpiece. Watch them back-to-back and see if you don't agree with me.

Boris Karloff pretty much plays himself, an aging movie star ready to retire because the world has become scarier than his movies. In the parallel story, a clean-cut young suburbanite decides to kill his parents, still remaining as mild-mannered as ever. Then he climbs atop a tower and shoots at people on the freeway with a telescopic rifle. Then he goes to drive-in and hides behind the screen, picking off innocent moviegoers at random, while Karloff arrives to promote his latest film.

Very well-written, *Targets* is extremely suspenseful, unsettling and mildly disturbing. Given the outbreak of violence in today's society, I think it drives its point home more effectively now than it did upon its release.

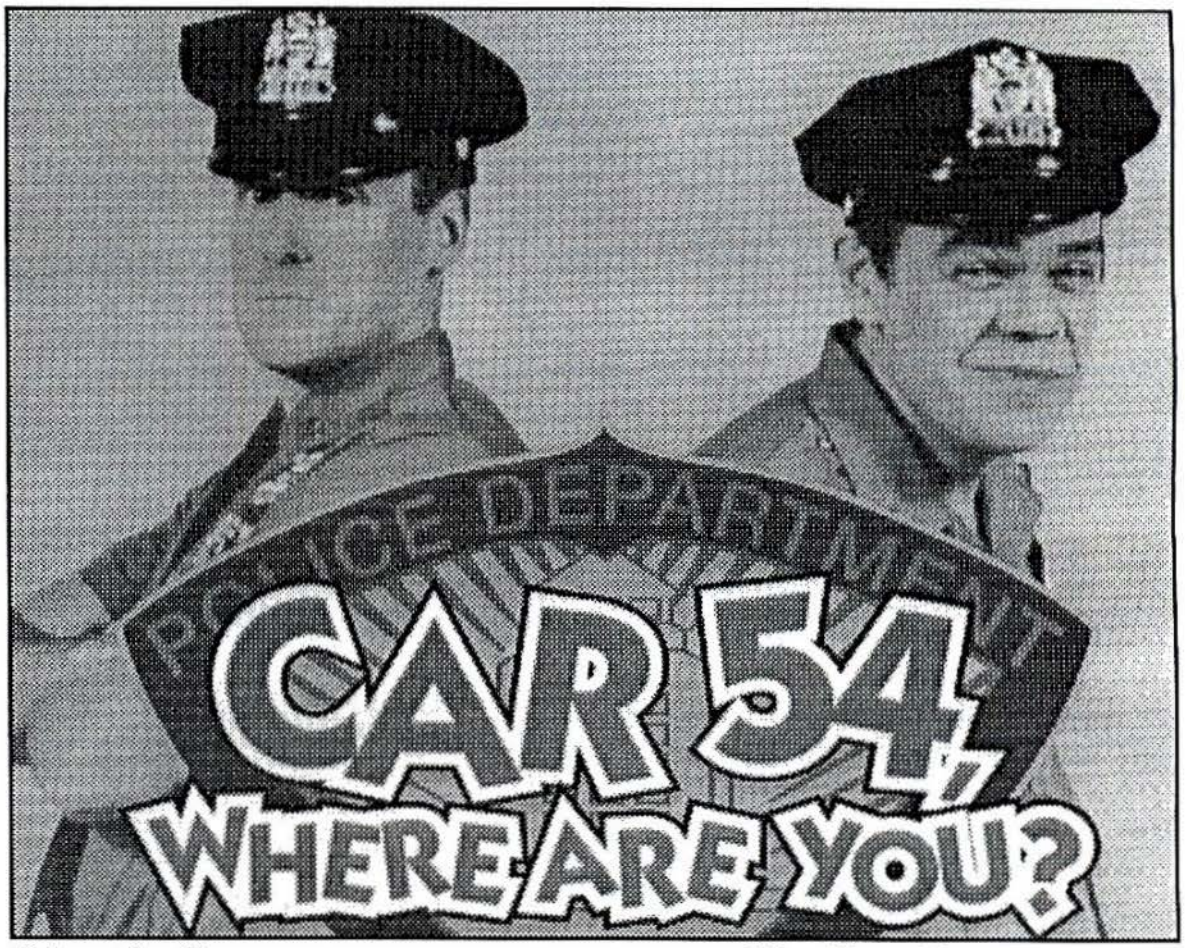
This is one movie that is not to be missed. Highly, *highly* recommended.

Car 54, Where Are You?
(1994)
Orion Home Video
★★★☆☆

Having sat on the shelf for at least three years, *Car 54* is a bit disappointing, but as far as TV adaptations go, it's far better than *The Flintstones* or the first *Addams Family*.

With a voice of gravel, David Johansen makes a fine Officer Toody, and John C. McGinley is funny as the virginal Officer Muldoon. Their job is to protect a mob witness, played by Jeremy Piven, who gets the biggest laughs.

Rosie O'Donnell is fatter than ever, and really annoying. Fran Drescher is annoying for different reasons, but looks better as a redhead. God only knows what Nipsey Russell and Al "Grampa" Lewis are doing here. Penn & Teller have cameos in a *Taxi*



Driver-takeoff.

Much of *Car 54*'s problems can be traced to its identity crisis. It never quite figures out whether it wants to be slapstick, spoofy or straightforward. Almost none of the wit, charm or energy that made director Bill Fishman's *Tapeheads* a cult classic is present here. It's not a waste of your time, but just don't expect to die laughing.

The War of the Gargantuas
(1967)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★★

Apparently a sequel to *Frankenstein Conquers the World*, but so damn good it deserves to stand on its own, *The War of the Gargantuas* depicts an epic battle between a tall, brown ape-like creature (the good guy) and a tall, *green* ape-like creature (the bad guy).

Twin Peaks' Russ Tamblyn is the American scientist who is called in to somehow help end this ferocious fight. His passive, "Gee, Wally" approach to acting threatens to put both gargantuas to sleep.

In the best scene, a woman at a party warbles (off-key) a song called "The Words Get Stuck in My Throat," only to be greeted with kind applause and then a trip in the brown gargantua's clenched fist. Hooray! The scenes of this guy marathon-running across model landscapes are priceless.

King Kong Escapes
(1968)
bootleg
★★★★★

What a can't-miss premise: King Kong is awakened to fight MechaKong, a metallic gorilla created by Dr. Who (not *that* one), who sounds like Boris Badenov. From there, it's every ape for himself, concluding in a battle atop a tower.

There's not much more to be said for this film, because that's all there is to it, which is why it's so enjoyable. It's better than most of the later Godzilla movies that followed.

House of Wax
(1953)
Warner Home Video
★★★★☆

A tad too slow getting started, the 3-D classic *House of Wax* is one of Vincent Price's better films. He stars as a wax artist whose creations are more precious to him than life itself. When his greedy partner burns down the museum for an insurance scam, he takes revenge by dressing up like The Shadow and killing people and dipping them in wax and then displaying them for all the world to see in his new and improved Chamber of Horrors.

Creepier than most films today, I remember seeing this during its '80s rerelease, in original 3-D, even.

Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora
(1994)
Rhino Home Video
★★★★☆

If you've never seen an Edward D. Wood, Jr. picture, this nearly-hour-long documentary is a great starting point. A clip-happy compendium of Wood "classics," stock footage and interviews with the Wood entourage, *Look Back in Angora* breezes through the cross-dressing auteur's brief yet complicated life in record time.

Narrated by *Laugh-In*'s Gary Owens, one of this tape's funniest segments features several scenes into which Wood worked much sexual suggestiveness, even in the most inappropriate of situations.

Jail Bait
(1954)
Rhino Home Video
★★★★☆

Not to be confused with the recent C. Thomas Howell cop-thriller *Jailbait* but by all means just as bad is this, the first of Wood's many attempts at a juvenile delinquency potboiler. *Jail Bait* is 80 minutes of mind-numbing incompetency as the son of a world-famous plastic surgeon gets drawn into a life of crime, murdering a fat, old security guard during a botched robbery.

Herbert Rawlinson is the surgeon reading off cue cards, former Wood flame Dolores Fuller is his butt-ugly daughter who could benefit from her father's scalpeling skills, legitmate actor Lyle Talbot is the police sergeant and *Hercules* himself Steve Reeves shows up to take off his shirt.

Wood gives us an extended strip-tease sequence that looks like it was lit with matches, as well as numerous takes of people walking from their porch to their cars. The bad guy's oft-repeated jibe at his girlfriend is "Shut up, you!"

Anyone can see the unbelievable "twist" ending coming 40 minutes ahead of time; when it finally rolls around, Wood just won't let it end. The characters draw it out for so long that it goes something like this:

Bad Guy: "Tell 'em, doc, I'm not the man they think I am."

Doctor: "He is right. This is not the man you think this is."

Bad Guy: "What'd I tell ya? I'm not the man you think I am."

Sergeant: "You're right. You're not the man we thought you were."

My response to this scene was, of course, *"Argh!"*

Orgy of the Dead
(1965)
Rhino Home Video
★★★☆☆

As unbelievable as it may seem, this Wood-scripted "adult" film is also the most patience-testing. A young couple out for a night drive (please ignore the daytime insert shots) crash their car and are kidnapped by a wolfman and a mummy, tied to poles and forced to watch a procession of chip-toothed strippers, all to the delight of a Vampira-like woman and the inimitable Criswell, who takes great pains to read his lines correctly from the cue cards.

"Torture, torture, it pleasures me!" the all-seeing Criswell exclaims in the best line.

Can you stand to sit through each of the many testing and un-sexy strip scenes without hitting the FF button? I couldn't.

Glen or Glenda
(1953)
Rhino Home Video
★★★☆☆

Also known as *I Changed My Sex*, the title matters not. It could be called anything and people would still refer to it as Ed's most autobiographical film, detailing a heterosexual man's desire to wear women's clothing and still keep the love of his angora-sweater-wearing lady. In true auteur fashion, Wood himself stars.

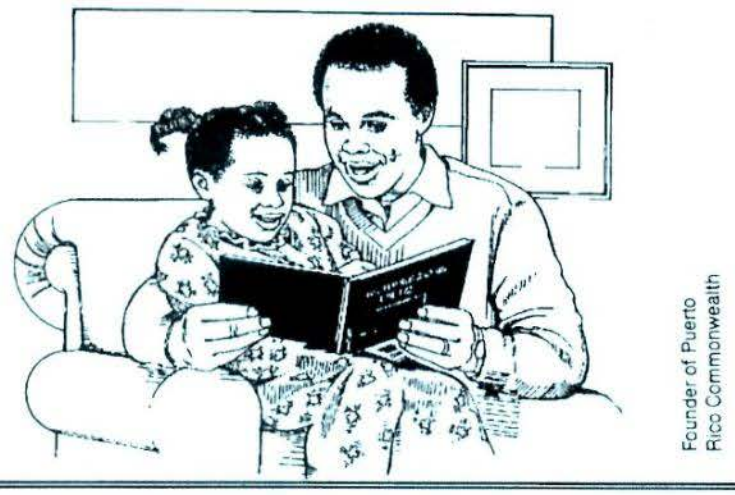
Bela Lugosi plays God, has visions of running buffalo herds and speaks incoherently of "snips, snails and puppy-dog tails."

It truly is as incompetent as you've heard, and worth watching for that very reason.

Plan 9 from Outer Space
(1959)
Rhino Home Video
★★★★☆

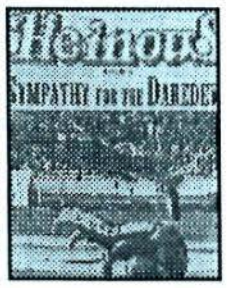
There's not much more that can be said about this film that hasn't already been spoken or written about elsewhere, so I won't, other than these two words: *Watch it.*

Reading Material



ZINES I GOT

Heinous is a nifty zine partially dedicated to cataloguing all things Evel Kneivel, issue 3 complete with a FAQ on wheelies. Editor Steve Mandich takes a fun look at Jack Chick comic tracts with "Chickfactor," and even includes a real, live Chick tract inside! He also talks about his long-time history with the Rolling Stones. The whole thing is literally bound with a segment of tape from the *Their Satanic Majesties Request* cassette. Send a dollar to Steve at P.O. Box 10412, Portland, OR 97210. ✍ Issue 53 of Doug Carroll's ***Idiot Wind*** has an impressive "Magic Eye" 3-D cover. Inside stories include "College Courses We'd Like You to See," "Deanna Buys a Chainsaw" and the incredibly funny open letter to the makers of Kool-Aid. Free with an SASE, write to P.O. Box 87, Occoquan, VA 22125. ✍ Not so much a zine as a package of...well, *stuff*, ***The Kingdom of Happy Gloom*** comes in a plastic bag and includes all sorts of nutty diatribes and rants, all printed in poor penmanship but on different stark colors of paper. Also enclosed is a sample of their own money. Whatever. This doesn't have a price on it, so send a buck to P.O. Box 891212, Oklahoma City, OK 73189-1212 ✍ Drive-in movies and wax museums have been covered here, but you can also read about them to amusing effect in ***Fantasy Pie*** #10. It even has a spooky picture of a wax O.J. Simpson. It's $1 from 479 Sherman St., #3, Canton, MA 02021. ✍ What is ***Rock & Rap Confidential***? Glad you asked: It's a worthless piece of crap put out by Dave Marsh, world's most pretentious music critic . Including no pictures, this eight-page rag costs $27 a year to subscribe to. I wouldn't take it if it were free, Dave. Your *Louie Louie* book sucked, and this does, too. This was sent to me by Dave's staff, asking for a copy of **HITCH** in return. Sorry, not a fair trade. I'm not printing their address, for you should be shielded from such rip-offs. Thank me later. ✍



VIP: Virgin Pride #1 is a four-page propaganda pamphlet sent to me by a reader in New York. It basically advocates lower taxes and insurance rates for virgins. Huh? Pretty darn funny, but not supposed to be, so write to P.O. Box 433, Norwalk, CA 90651-0433. ✍ The premiere issue of ***POPsmear*** (great title) is filled with some really funny prank-type stuff, including how to cheat Columbia House, the Franklin Mint and Wendy's. There's an amusing interview with a guy who did telemarketing for a nanosecond, and they print Martha Stewart's home phone number — (516) 329-2357 — so they're cool with me. It's worth your $3 even if the ink comes off on your hands, so write to P.O. Box 29312, Washington D.C. 20017. ✍ Fred Hamilton frequently issues ***Redneck Riviera Update: The Anti-Tourist Guide***, intended to embarrass his local highway commissioners and the Chamber of Commerce, and does a very good job on both counts. For all sorts of mean stuff on Amtrak, drawbridges and obscene billboards, Fred says he'll send anyone 10 copies for $2. Write him at P.O. Box 446, N. Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29597. ✍ Warning: There's poetry, political essays and poorly drawn cartoons in ***Salon: A Journal of Aesthetics***. It's also $5. And my copy has suspicious stains on it. Will yours? 305 W. Magnolia, Suite 386, Fort Collins, CO 80521 ✍ The slick ***Alternative Cinema*** is appearing to be less and less alternative these days, with articles on *The Flintstones* and *Speed*. Regardless, it's not really well-written, anyway. You can get it for $4.95 on your newsstands. ✍ The fourth issue of the always interesting ***Boomgarden*** continues John Stone's adventures through Texas, in search of a room and a gig by the Dazzling Weasel-Faces, all told in his inimitable sketchbook style. You'll also find a review of a Geraldine Fib-bers show and a chess game in which one of the players has a lot more than rooks 'n' pawns on his mind. True-life tales with neat pictures and minimal words. A mere $1.25 to 1602 S.W. 77th Place, Oklahoma City, OK 73159 will get it to in the mail.

CATA-LOGS

Finally, there's a complete, comprehensive catalog from Mike Vraney for his ***Something Weird Video***. A mind-boggling 124 pages, it features all kinds of bizarre films, shorts and loops, and stands as a work of reference, too. Send $5 with a signed statement saying you're over 21 to P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. ✍ If you have an interest in acquiring T-shirts, posters or even model kits for Troma films like *The Toxic Avenger*, then send for the ***Tromabilia*** catalog. It's pretty slim for $3, but if you're into it: Radio City Station, P.O. Box 486, New York, NY 10101-0486.

BOOKS

Everyone knows *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film* is the bible for bad movie buffs, but the pickings are slim for those wanting to read about bad TV. Until now. Craig Nelson's ***Bad TV: The Very Best of the Very Worst*** (Delta, $9.95) covers every imaginable TV genre, from sitcoms and dramas to infomercials and kids' shows. Complete with 45 great pictures and even a chapter on the worst oft-repeated feature films on late-night cable, Nelson comes up with some pretty good lines (for example, one-time hit-song-maker Rick Astley is referred to the "Jim Nabors-voiced J.C. Penney's fashion victim"). At more than 340 pages, it's well worth the bucks. Get it today. ✍ Lastly, I just finished reading ***Step Right Up! I'm Gonna Scare the Pants off America*** (Pharos, $12.95), by B-movie producer/legend William Castle, who did *The Tingler*, *House on Haunted Hill*, *Bug* and *Rosemary's Baby*. He's dead now, but he was a lively writer with a whole book worth of interesting stories any movie buff should appreciate.

Get HITCHed

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE!

#1 • JUNE 1994 • The Leonard Issue: An interview with Leonard Cohen, and a think piece on Leonard Maltin as world dominator. Plus, a he-man adventure to Darryl Starbird's Custom Car & Hot Rod Show, Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity, the hot disease of 1994, Bill Clinton's hair foibles, King Faisal, Vivarin and you, Shannon Tweed, *Speed Racer: The Movie*, the greek system's biggest secret and David Hasselhoff *live!* Free *Monkey Trouble* trading cards. All contents certified 100 percent Cobain-free. (40 pgs.)

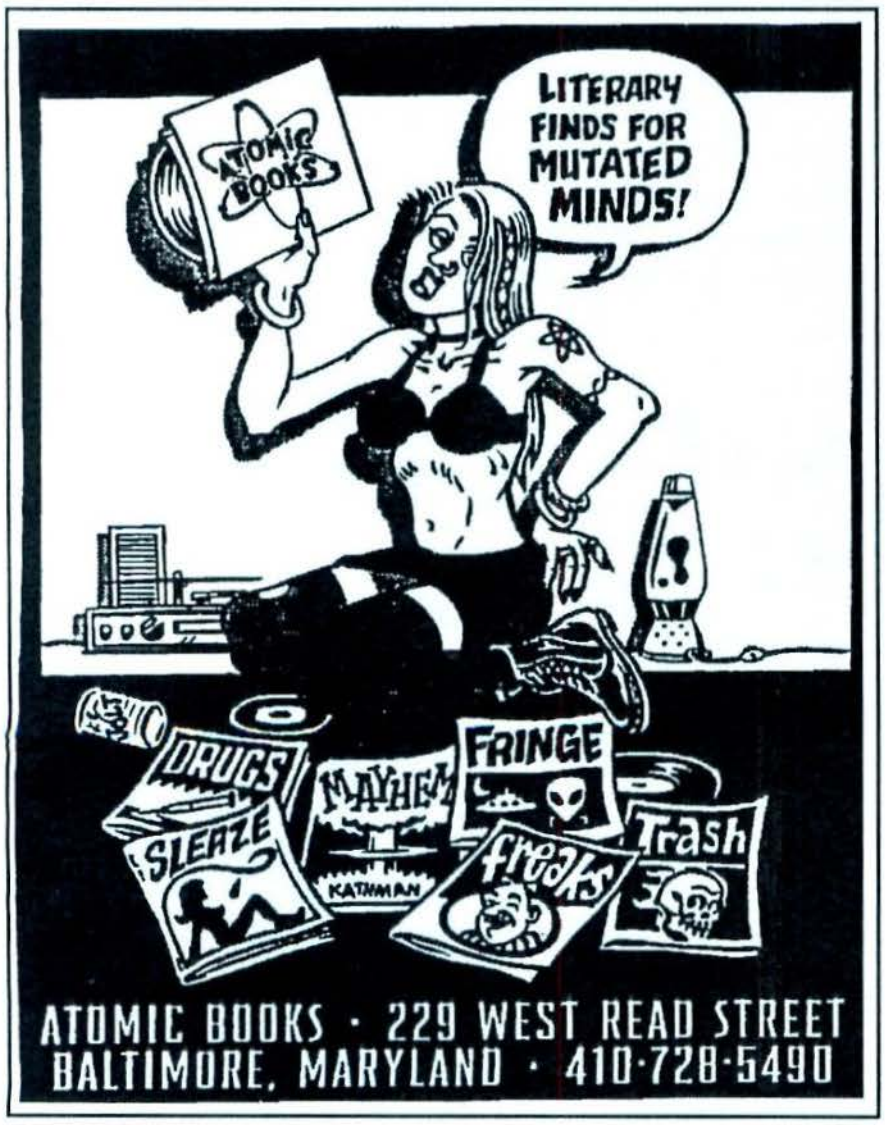
#2 • AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 1994 • An appreciation of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, with episode list intact. Plus, confessions of a U.S. census taker, a he-man adventure to San Antonio's Elvis museum, the secret life of Xuxa, rocket grenade injuries, hating Oliver Stone, becoming a U.S. citizen, Bob Clipson writes to the *Playboy* Advisor, lots of video and zine reviews, but very, very little about O.J. Simpson. Includes the world-famous Forrest Gump crossword puzzle. (32 pgs.)

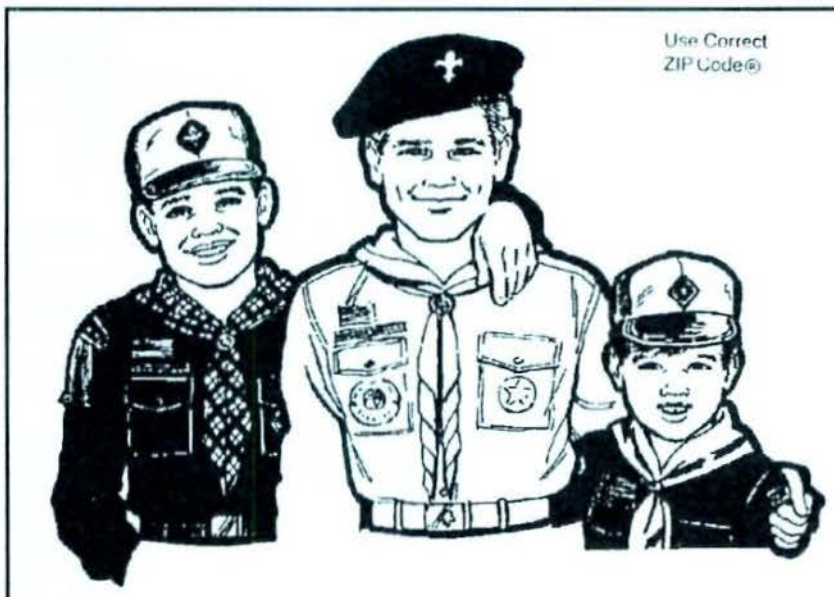
#3 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1994 • The Spooky Halloween Issue, featuring an interview with Dr. Death (no, not *that* one), the filmography of Dr. Joyce Brothers, a probing psychological analysis of the Mentos ads, CDs that scare me, crappy summer movies, farm fatalities, a he-man adventure to a *Star Trek* convention, hating Bette Midler, a Shannon Tweed update, cruising the Internet, lots of video and zine reviews, and a cameo from Hot Diggity, the rope-spinnin' horse. (36 pgs.)

#4 • DECEMBER 1994 / JANUARY 1995 • Meeting Moses: Charlton Heston talks to **HITCH** and we take at look back at his 1992 film *Solar Crisis*, plus *Taco Bueno: The Movie*, a prank to play on Casey Kasem, fall films that are actually good, those two damn little girls from *Full House*, the wonderful world of workmen's comp, State Fair terrors, a holiday he-man experiment going undercover as bums, bachelorette parties, lots of video and zine reviews and two *free* bonuses: a pocket temperature conversion chart for brand-new Canadians and the ever-popular **HITCH** dreidel. (40 pgs.)

#5 • FEBRUARY / MARCH 1995 • Our jam-packed Prostate Awareness Issue and Action Hero Spectacular, in which we simultaneously ask Robert Goulet about his prostate and listen to kickboxer Don "The Dragon" Wilson say not-nice things about Van Damme. Plus, a he-man adventure at the 1992 Republican convention, toys that inflict pain, an Adam West appreciation, how to be an action hero and more video and zine reviews than humanly possible. (52 pgs.)

Back issues are just $3.50 each (price includes shipping, handling and the plain brown wrapper so the postman thinks he's carting porn to your door). **Subscriptions** are $20 for 1 year (6 issues). Send cash at your own risk. All checks and money orders should be payable to **Rod Lott**, **HITCH**, 5504 N. Tulsa Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73112.





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